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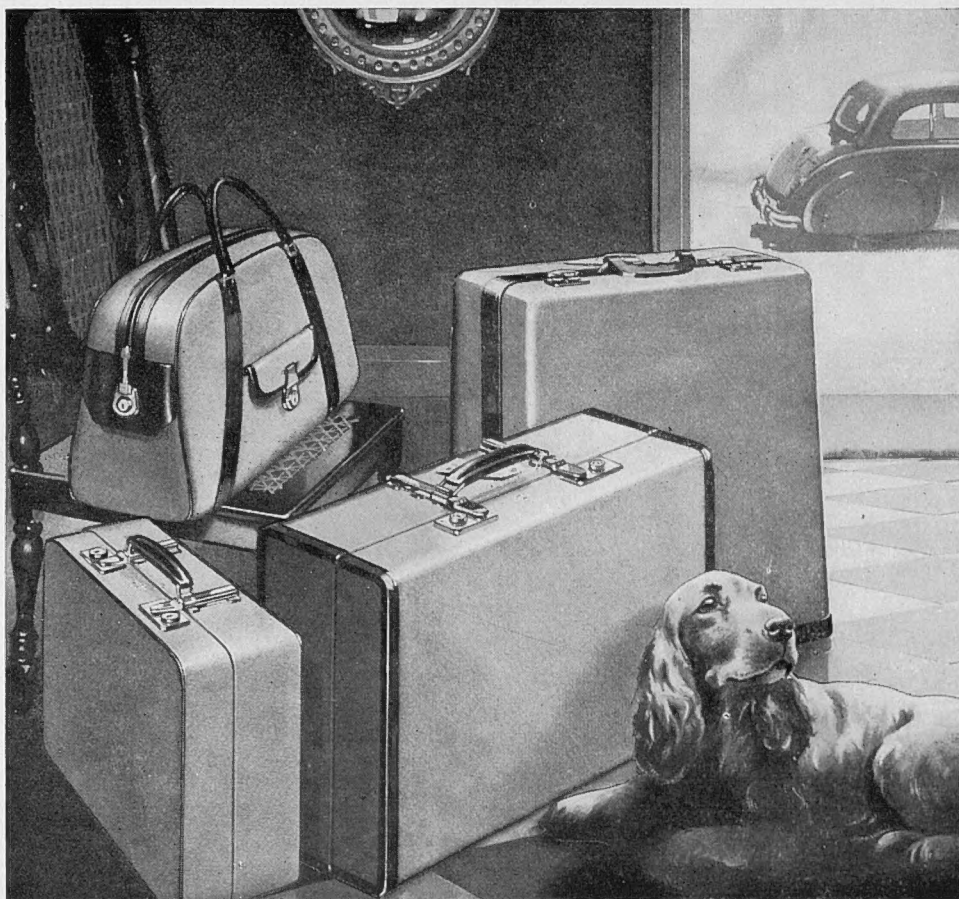
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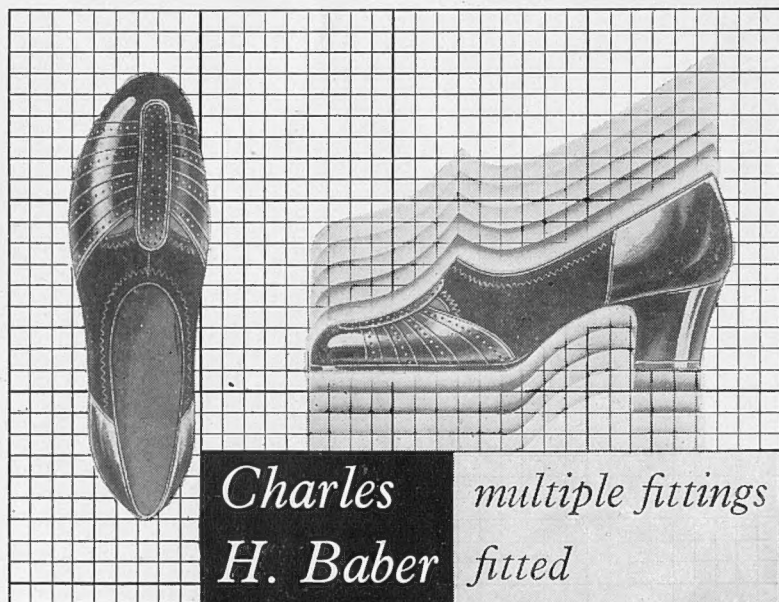
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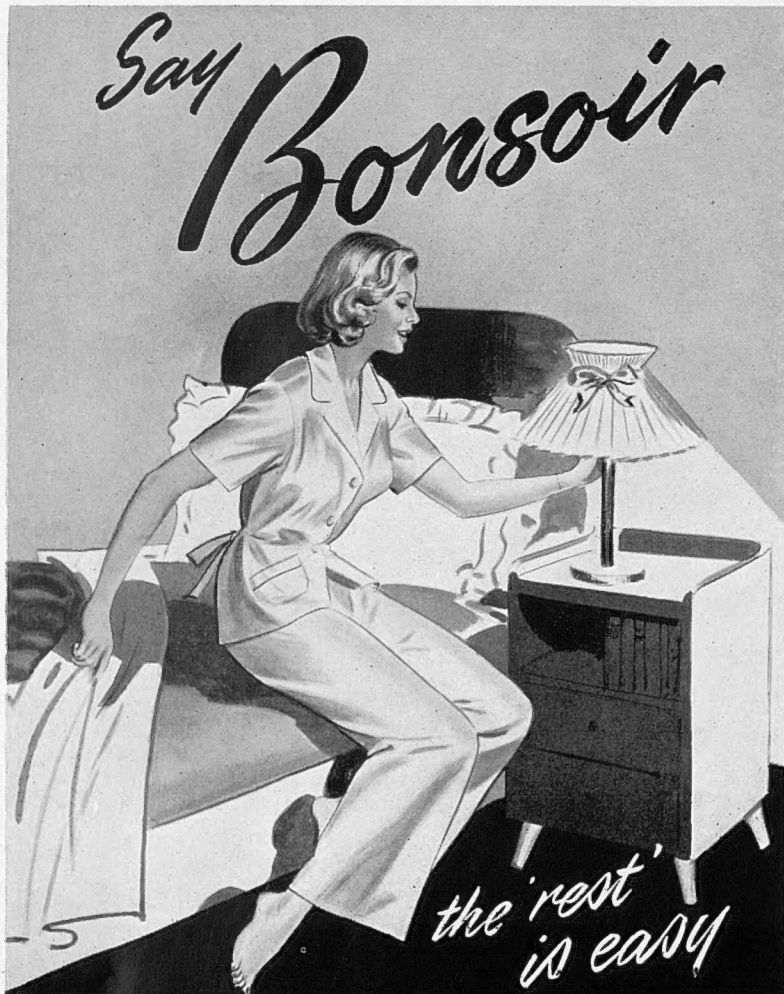




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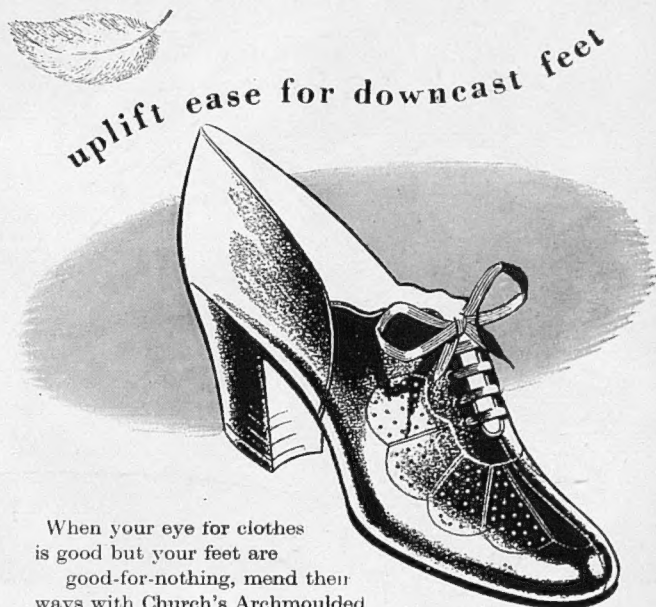
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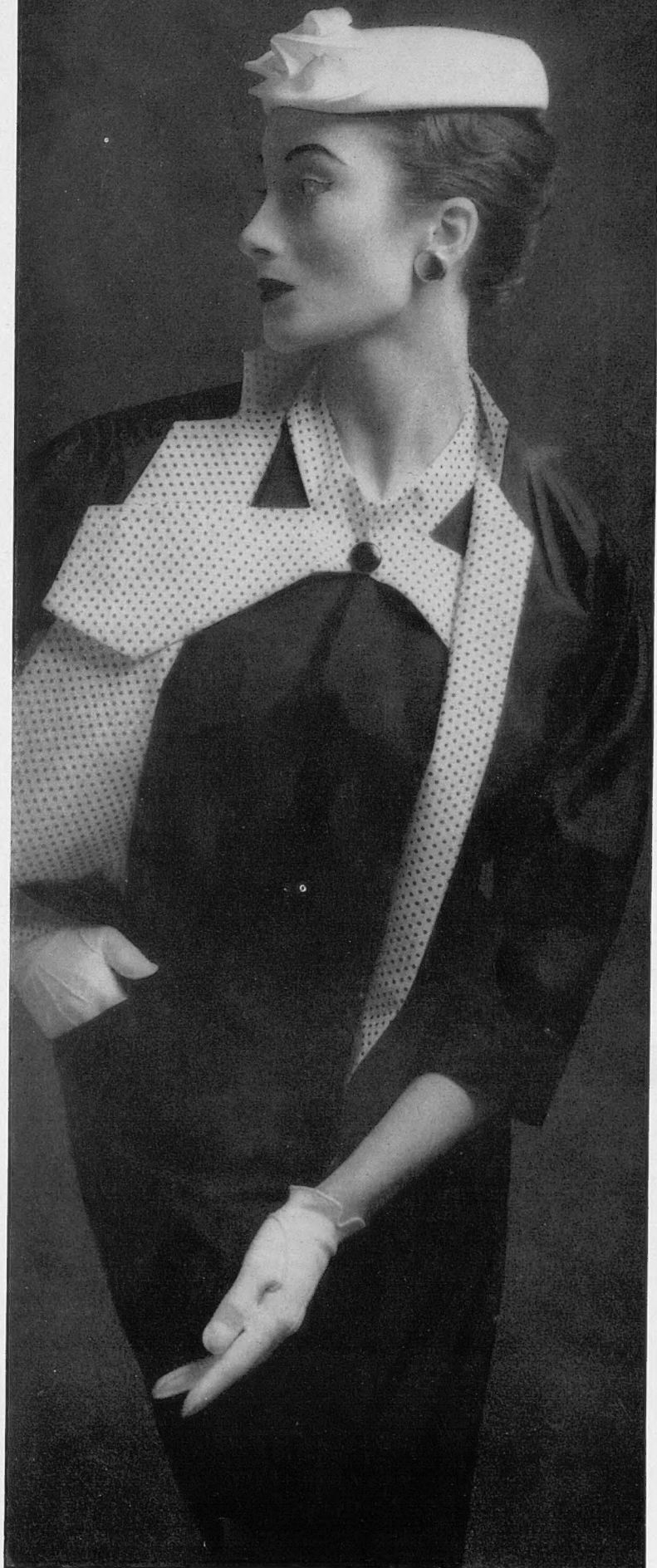
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APRIL 20  
1955

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## The Prime Minister and Lady Eden

SIR ANTHONY and LADY EDEN were here leaving their London home in Carlton Gardens a few hours after Sir Anthony had accepted the Premiership from the Queen, in succession to Sir Winston Churchill. Deep and widespread satisfaction is felt throughout the land that the highest office of State should pass, on Sir Winston's resignation in the plenitude of authority and affection, to so devoted and brilliant a lieutenant as Sir Anthony





*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE QUEEN'S FAREWELL TO SIR WINSTON

**U**NDoubtedly the most outstanding private party so far this year was when Sir Winston and Lady Churchill entertained the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to dinner at 10 Downing Street, on the eve of his retirement as Prime Minister. The Queen wore the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter across her shimmering evening dress, with a diamond tiara and other lovely jewels. Lady Churchill, as the serene and charming hostess at No. 10 for the last time, also wore a tiara, and an Order on her evening dress

**G**UESTS, who numbered fifty, included many members of the Prime Minister's family, Sir Anthony Eden, so soon to succeed Sir Winston as Prime Minister, Lady Eden, Mr. Attlee and Mrs. Attlee, the Marquess of Salisbury and the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrison, Viscount Bracken, Lord Cherwell, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.

Perhaps the most stirring moment of this memorable and rather poignant evening was after the Royal toast, when the Queen proposed the health of her Prime Minister—the first time, I believe, that this has ever been done by a reigning monarch. To Sir Winston we wish a restful and peaceful holiday, painting and writing in the sunshine of Sicily with Lady Churchill, and to Sir Anthony Eden we wish the best of luck and great success in his new rôle.

I recently went down one morning to Ascot, where I was met by Major "Crocker" Bulteel, the very efficient Clerk of the racecourse there, who took me round and showed me the many alterations and improvements that have been made since last season. At luncheon we were joined by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, who is Her Majesty's Representative and has for many years shouldered the busy task of supervising the Royal Enclosure applications. He also takes a very active and able interest in running this Royal racecourse, and has been the driving force behind the recent improvements.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the new course over a straight mile which is now easily visible from all the enclosures. This will also mean that the Royal procession, always such a glorious piece of traditional pageantry in Royal Ascot week, will now be seen and enjoyed by thousands right up the course, from the moment the carriages drive through the new "Approach Gates" until they turn into the newly widened paddock. We first went to see

the start of the new Hunt Cup course and the new Royal Entrance, after passing the famous Golden Gates which are to be left in their present position at the start of the old course.

**T**wo most attractive lodges have been built on each side of the new "Approach Gates," which incidentally are not to be gilded, but will be hand-made wrought-iron gates with "E.R." worked into their dignified design. Here, too, the new Hunt Cup course, which already looked in wonderful condition, will start.

I was interested to hear from Major Bulteel that plans had originally been drawn out to make this change in the course more than sixty years ago. It was the late Lord Ribblesdale who first wanted to move the stands, as it was so difficult to see the course from them, and when he met opposition over this idea he suggested as an alternative putting the course farther back so that everyone would get a good view from the existing stands. I saw the map of the proposed alteration he had had made.



drawn on linen in 1894, and it is very similar to the Ascot authorities' plans for the changes that have at last been carried out.

The alteration to the course has meant that all the enclosures are much bigger. The ten shilling stand is now three times as big, and in Tattersalls, too, there is much more room. Bookmakers are to be allotted space up near the stands, and there will be a wide lawn for spectators with a good view of the racing. From the boxes behind you can now see splendidly, which has certainly never been the case before. A wide sunken passage has been made between the front of each lawn and the rails so that patrons from the Grand Stand and Tattersalls can now get along to the paddock with ease.

From the Grand Stand we walked through to the Royal Ascot Enclosure which has also been made much more spacious. The lawns, which have been widened considerably, taking in another 2,900 square yards right along from the paddock to the bookmakers, have also been well banked so that it should now be possible to watch a race comfortably from here.

LATELY I have heard so much nonsense talked, and such varying stories told about the new "Queen's Lawn," that I was most grateful to have the opportunity to see for myself, and hear the true facts. This lawn is to be very small, only the width of the Royal Box and eighteen yards in depth from its steps. This lawn will hold members of the Royal Family, and of the house party at Windsor Castle, distinguished visitors, members of the Household in attendance, and the heads of missions who, as in other years, have been the guests of the reigning monarch in the Royal Box during Ascot week.

The space that this little lawn will cover is so small that it will in no way interfere with anyone in the Royal Ascot Enclosure walking along the much widened lawns from the unsaddling enclosure to the rails, where the bookmakers stand as before.

The steps leading from the enclosure to the paddock have been greatly widened, which will avoid the bottleneck of previous years, and also means that racegoers will be able to walk straight through to the paddock while the placed horses are still being unsaddled. The parade ring remains the same but the paddock, like everything else, has gained much more space and has been opened out considerably.

ANOTHER great improvement are the two new luncheon rooms and the champagne bar which have been built in brick at the back of the Royal Ascot Enclosure, on each side of a magnificent pair of wrought-iron gates which have been specially designed and which will be used by the Royal party on their departure each day. These luncheon rooms, which will seat over four hundred, have been cleverly designed with quiet dignity, and the walls are to be decorated in a pale grey, with, it is hoped, some fine old paintings of racehorses adorning them, if they can be collected in time.

One day—and it is hoped this will not be too far off—the stands will also be improved, with possibly fast, up-to-date escalators to take racegoers up to the top in a matter of seconds.

On leaving I felt justly proud that Great Britain has here one of the finest racecourses in the world, if not indeed the finest, and look forward to one of the best Royal Ascots for years in these more spacious surroundings from June 14–17. Finally, I would like to remind everyone that all applications for admission to the Royal Ascot Enclosure must be sent in by Saturday, April 23. This year, for the first time, people who have been divorced may apply, but like everyone else, unless they are known to the Ascot

authorities they must be sponsored by a relative or friend who is known to those authorities.

The address is: Her Majesty's Representative, Ascot Office, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, looking charming in a long white satin dress and long white gloves, graciously attended the concert at the Royal Festival Hall organized to raise funds for the Save the Children Fund, which does invaluable work for children of every creed or colour all over the world. Last year it helped children in seventeen different countries.

Mme. Gina Bachauer, the famous pianist, who has just returned from her fourth coast-to-coast tour of America, was the soloist, and her husband, Alec Sherman, conducted the London Orchestra. The programme included the overture to *The Bartered Bride*, by Smetana, a Concerto by Rachmaninoff and the "Walk To The Paradise Garden," by Delius, ending with Concerto No. 1 by Tchaikovsky.

The Princess sat in the Ceremonial Box with Earl and Countess Mountbatten, the latter in a long dress of apple green faille embroidered with silver, and Countess Jellicoe, chairman of the committee which organized this concert. Among those who supported Lady Jellicoe in this good work were the Greek Ambassador and Mme. Mostras, Dr. Don Roberto Arias the new Panamanian Ambassador and his wife Margot Fonteyn, Mme. de Bassompierre whose husband works at the Belgian Embassy, Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, Sir Leslie and Lady Rowan, Lady Crosfield and Lady Bliss, wife of the Master of the Queen's Music.

Also in the audience were Anne Viscountess Cowdray, Mrs. Ralph Sassoon, Lady Grantley and the Belgian Assistant Military and Naval Attaché, Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, and his charming wife.

FIONA MARY VAUGHAN, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vaughan, was recently christened at the Brompton Oratory. Her godparents were Mrs. Ann Riviere, Mrs. Douglas Vaughan, for whom Mrs. Digby-Jones stood proxy, Mr. David Rutland and Mr. Robin Dent. She wore a beautifully embroidered robe which was originally used at the christening of her mother, who was the first of seventeen grandchildren, and now Fiona is the second great-grandchild to use it.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan gave a small christening tea party in his grandmother, Mrs. Cecilia Vaughan's, delightfully sunny flat in Hyde Park Gate, where pride of place was taken by a large cake iced in pink and white. Besides the godparents, other friends who came along to this little party included the baby's aunt, Miss Belinda Vaughan, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent and Mr. Richard Hawksworth, also the Hon. Mrs. John Remnant, Mrs. David Rutland, Mrs. George Newnes, Mrs. John Stafford and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ellert.

AGLORIOUSLY sunny spring morning brought many hundreds of supporters in their cars to the Chiddingfold and Leconfield Hunt point-to-point races which were held at Tismans Park, Rudgwick. This is always a well-run meeting with the car park as a natural grandstand from which you can see most of the course. With the exception of the Open race, for which there were only three

[Continued overleaf]



Shaw Wildman

MISS ESTA CHADWICK is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. Hulme Chadwick, the architect and designer. She is leaving school this term to study industrial design in Stockholm under Dr. Ake Stauenow and Astrid Sampe, the textile expert



Yevonde

MISS ANNE GRANT is the younger daughter of Lady Tweedsmuir, of Braemar Castle, Aberdeenshire, and the late Sir Arthur Grant, Bt., of Monymusk. She was presented at Court this season and intends to read languages at Oxford





## A CURTSY TO THE PRINCESS

At the Royal Festival Hall, on the occasion of the concert to raise funds for the Save The Children Fund, Mrs. John Boxshall, of Hyde Park Square, is seen being presented to Princess Alexandra by Countess Jellicoe, chairman of the organizing committee of the event, which raised an excellent sum for this very good cause. The London Orchestra played, and the pianoforte soloist was Gina Bachauer

## Continuing The Social Journal

### Cotswold winner at Sussex meeting

starters, the fields were quite good. The Open was won by Mrs. W. J. A. Shepherd's Silverland, by Legend of France out of Fast Bell, ridden by her husband, which came up from the Cotswold country and started an odds-on favourite. Mrs. Shepherd is a daughter of Mr. E. G. MacAndrew, of Tismans Park, over whose land the racing took place.

Mr. Johnnie Evans, who is doing so well this season, rode brilliantly to get up and win the Adjacent Hunts Maiden race on Sedan, owned by his father, Mr. J. Tudor Evans. The Ladies race was won by Mrs. Eric Savage on her husband's Newlands Prince. She rode extremely well to beat Miss Angela Covell on Mr. E. H. Covell's Lobau Lad.

The committee running this most enjoyable meeting were the joint-Masters, Mrs. Barlow and her son, Mr. Richard Barlow, Lt.-Col. D. K. Price, who won the Members race on his own Hereafter, Mr. John Rogerson whom I saw in the paddock with Mrs. Rogerson and their very pretty daughter Valda, who rode in the Ladies event, Capt. J. D. Moore, Mr. E. G. MacAndrew, whose brown mare Scottish Joy won the last race, Mr. Peter Musgrave and Mr. T. Hinde.

THE very big number of spectators watching the racing included the Earl and Countess of Cottenham with their three lovely daughters, Lady Marye White with her husband the Hon. Luke White, and the Ladies Davina and Gillian Pepys. There were numerous family parties and among them were Lt.-Col. Robert Readhead, who runs the Army Ski Association very efficiently, and Mrs. Readhead with their young family, Mr. and Mrs. John Stafford with theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Keown and their children, the Hon. Mrs. Glover and her son and daughter, John and Anne, and her brother Lord Lyle with Lady Lyle, who arrived after the first race as he had been sitting on the bench of magistrates all the morning. I also saw the Hon. Mary Stopford looking very neat in a warm coat and small hat, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Mellersh, who had motored over from Godalming, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell with their daughter Sally and younger son David, Major Geoffrey Phipps Hornby and his younger daughter Sally, and Major Joe Godman with his Etonian son Joe—who have a lovely home near Godalming. Major Godman formerly owned a lot of land in the district, which he sold to the late Duke of Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Fitzherbert were there, Major and Mrs. John Watson had motored over from Horsham, and I saw Viscount Cowdray, who brought a party from Cowdray Park including Major Peter Dollar and Mr. Billy Wallace, Mrs. Tony Tate and her young daughter Marianne, who were talking to Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. A. G. Peel, headmaster of that well-known preparatory school, Amesbury, with Mrs. Peel, Mr. Tommy Adams, who had motored over from Worplesdon, and Mr. Graham Turner-Laing and his sister Heather, who came with Miss Mary Terry.

★ ★ ★

MEN of the Royal Navy formed a guard of honour as guests arrived for the première of *Above Us The Waves*, at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors.

The film is based on the successful book of



the same name by Charles Warren and James Benson, and describes the blowing up of the German battleship *Tirpitz* by midge submarines which crept into Trondheim Fjord in Norway to carry out their hazardous and brilliantly successful exploit. John Mills plays the lead and is ably supported by a strong cast.

Lady Elizabeth Davis was chairman of this successful première, which must have raised a large sum for its eminently worthy object. Admiral Earl Mountbatten, President of the King George's Fund, was in the audience with Countess Mountbatten, also Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick M'Grigor and Lady M'Grigor, who was in red, Admiral W. W. Davis, Vice-Chief of Naval Staff, who escorted Lady Elizabeth Davis, the Earl of Dudley escorting his sister-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, and Cdr. Alan Noble, M.P., and Mrs. Noble, who brought a party of friends.

Rear-Admiral A. N. C. Bingley was present, also Rear-Admiral G. B. H. Fawkes, Flag Officer Submarines at Gosport, Capt. J. M. Sladen, who was in charge of the original "charioteers," Cdr. Cameron, V.C., with Mrs. Cameron, and his three crew companions of submarine X6 which he commanded when it took part in the action. Lt. R. Aitken, one of the only two survivors of submarine X7, which also took part, was there as well. The other survivor from this little ship, Cdr. Place, V.C., was unfortunately abroad and could not be present.

★ ★ ★

LADY IRENE ASTOR works hard each year to raise money for her very special cause, the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. For the past two years she has organized, besides other functions, a most successful garden party in London to help these children, and last summer this party made the magnificent sum of £1,100 clear in a little less than four hours. This year Lady Irene hopes to make quite as much, if not a little more, and every old lover should try to help her by attending the party and if they cannot do that, send her a donation.

The garden party is to take place at 3 p.m. on July 13 in the grounds of The Holme, Regent's Park, which has once again been lent generously by the Principal and Council of Bedford College. Princess Alexandra has kindly promised to attend. The band of the Grenadier Guards will be playing on the lawns all afternoon and there will be numerous side-shows, merry-go-rounds, swings and slides for children as well as ponies to ride, and it is hoped that as in previous years there will be other animals lent from the Children's Corner at the Zoo.

THERE will be a stall for grown-ups, one for children, a flower and fruit stall, a tombola, raffles and a bottle hoop-la, for which any prizes would be very welcome, and a fortune teller. Miss Enid Blyton, the author of so many children's books, is coming to give some of the prizes away and it is hoped that pupils from Miss Vacani's dancing classes will give a display.

Among those who came to Lady Irene's home for the first very businesslike committee meeting of party helpers were Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Lady Buckhurst, Lady Swinfen, the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry, Lady Elizabeth Lambton, who is going to take charge of the bran tub, Mrs. Ford, Lady Sudeley and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who is the very efficient vice-chairman of the organizing committee. Any donations, or prizes for the tombola or hoop-la, may be sent to Lady Irene Astor, 204 Great Portland Street, W.1, where tickets for the garden party may be obtained. They can also be bought at the gate of The Holme, Regent's Park, on July 13.



THOMAS RICHARD TROUBRIDGE, son of Lieut. Peter Troubridge, R.N., and Mrs. Troubridge, was christened at the church of St. Peter Paul, Hawley, Hampshire. Above: Mrs. Troubridge, who was formerly Miss Venetia Weeks, with her son. Below left: General Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, the baby's maternal grandparents. Below right: Lieut. Peter Troubridge, who is the eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Tom Troubridge, with Miss Pamela Weeks who was one of the baby's godmothers



Clayton Evans

Francis Ouimet driving off the first tee on the old course at St. Andrews in 1951, when he was the first American to be elected captain of the R. and A. It is here that the match for the Walker Cup will be played next month



## GLOVES OFF FOR THE WALKER CUP

*LEONARD G. CRAWLEY, the author of this article, captained England's international side this year and has represented Great Britain against the U.S.A. in four Walker Cup matches. Here is a pungent commentary on the forthcoming Walker Cup match at St. Andrews in May, the prospects of a British victory for the second time since 1938 being discussed with a wealth of golfing experience*

MANY years ago I travelled from Harrow to London in the "Metter" with a young fellow who was about to play in his first match against Eton at Lord's. He looked a little pale and drawn and was obviously feeling jumpy so I did my best to encourage him with "You must be looking forward to the next thirty-six hours."

"Yes," he said, "but I'm feeling frightfully nervous and I wish we were playing Eton at golf and not cricket." I asked him why and he replied instantly that you can't possibly feel so nervous at golf. I wonder what the immortal Bobby Jones, who suffered more than most, would have said about this?

A WALKER Cup match is certainly an ordeal, and let no one suggest that American nerves stand up to it better than our own. It is also a great occasion when played over the "old course" with its incomparable setting and history behind it.

Strangely enough when the late Mr. James B. Walker, the American donor, presented the cup he intended it for international competition between the golfing countries of the world, very much on the same lines as the Davis Cup at lawn tennis. But the authorities of the Royal and Ancient Club and of the United States Golf Association kept so quiet about it in the early days that no other country ever

issued a challenge and now, after more than thirty years, the Walker Cup match is recognized as a contest solely between the British Isles (specifically mentioned in the Deed of Gift, hence the qualification of players from Eire) and the United States of America.

THE first international match between the U.S. and the British Isles was played at Hoylake in 1921 and Mr. Walker presented the cup the following year when the match was played at the National Links, Long Island. In 1924 it was decided—owing to expense—to play the match bi-annually instead of every year, since when the series has continued interrupted only by the Second World War.

It has been an almost entirely one-sided contest. Indeed, it was not until 1938 that the British Isles won their first victory, and we have been waiting patiently ever since for another. Perhaps it was a little unfortunate that the first international match between the two countries coincided almost exactly with what my friend, the game's greatest writer Mr. Bernard Darwin, has called the foundation of the American golfing empire, a term which is self-explanatory.

Looking back over the years I find it interesting to attempt comparison between one American side with another. One is often asked "which was the best American side?" Perhaps it is a sign of middle age but I am

never in any doubt as to the answer. In 1922 J. Guilford, the American Amateur Champion, led the American side and he was followed by R. T. Jones, C. Evans, and F. Ouimet. The two latter were former Open Champions of the United States and Bobby was destined to win his first Open the following year.

These three were still going strong in 1930 and it is therefore hardly surprising that the British Isles were then still waiting for victory. To my mind 1921 to 1930 was the greatest period in American amateur golf and it was profoundly influenced by these three great golfers with their superb method and lovely style which if reproduced today would still look up to date.

REASONS for American superiority in Walker Cup matches can be traced to three main causes.

1. The influence of the three great American champions, Jones, Ouimet and Evans, upon which the American golfing empire was founded.

2. The enormous numerical superiority of the American golfing public.

3. The various categories of American amateurs which we in the British Isles do not possess. This is partly economic and partly due to national temperament.

The first two require no comment but the third requires explanation as well as to be substantiated.





Left: G. Alec Hill, Great Britain's Walker Cup non-playing captain. He played in the British side in 1936 and represented England in 1936 and 1937 as an international



Right: William C. Campbell, the American captain, who has twice represented his country, in 1951-53. He is driving off the third tee at Birkdale during the 1951 Walker Cup match

In the last twenty years American teams have been composed of (a) rich men who can afford to devote their whole lives to playing and studying the game—our good friends Frank Stranahan and Richard Chapman being the most recent examples, (b) sponsored amateurs. The American's love of sport inclines him to make a national hero of a good games player and there is no earthly reason why he should not. The generous-minded rich American citizen, of whom there are many, is often prepared to put his hand in his pocket and "give the kid with ability a chance," and here there is again no earthly reason why he should not. Such generosity has made many great and charming players, who have subsequently turned to the more serious side of life and succeeded handsomely in business.

With the sponsored amateur I bracket that much maligned creature the reinstated amateur. He, poor chap, is a most difficult fellow to treat fairly and whereas they have a great many in the United States we have very few in our country. I assume it will be agreed that the axiom "Once a qualified doctor always a doctor" can be extended to "once a qualified professional golfer always a professional golfer."

Now once again we can re-focus our eyes on St. Andrews and the two sides that will meet shortly in the fifteenth match for the Walker Cup.

We must begin with a salute of warm welcome to William C. Campbell, "Big Bill," the universally popular American captain and his team. Campbell has many friends in our islands and after other valiant efforts in this country, beginning in the late 1940s, his defeat in the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield at the hands of the Australian Douglas Bachli, came as a bitter disappointment not only to American golfing circles but to his many friends here.

It has been suggested that Campbell's side is not so strong as some of its predecessors. Be that as it may, it is still a very good one for no side of ten men that has literally been combed from the vast states of America could be otherwise. It is pleasant to record that in spite of this one-sided series of matches over

the last thirty years it still remains the first ambition of every American amateur golfer to represent his country in the Walker Cup match against the British Isles.

Where Campbell's side differs from its predecessors is that it contains none of the familiar full-timers, none of the ex-professors and is composed of weekend golfers who play little more competitive golf than the members of our own team.

AFTER the captain it occurs to me that two players stand out. E. Harvie Ward, a charming little person who won the British Championship at Prestwick in 1952, and defending his title at Hoylake the following year lost a wonderful final to our own J. B. Carr. Ward is a golfer who from every point



Joe B. Carr, who will be playing for the fifth time for Great Britain, has a magnificent match play record. He won the British Amateur Championship in 1953

of view I personally rate with the greatest American amateurs of the last thirty years. He has a classical style and every shot in the game. It is interesting, too, to note that he won his championship here on his first visit to this country and moreover he won it at Prestwick, which to many must seem hopelessly out of date in these days but nevertheless still produces great champions.

The other is the already almost world famous Billy Joe Patton. His record alone in the United States in the last two years puts him on a very high pedestal indeed. In the Masters Tournament at Augusta in 1954 he led the field for two rounds and ultimately finished one stroke behind the winners, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. He also led the professors the dickens of a dance in the U.S. Open last year and finished tenth in the end, but first among the amateurs. He is the fastest swinging good player in the world and immensely long, and I can't help thinking that with his wonderful putting he will find the "old course" much to his liking once he gets the hang of it.

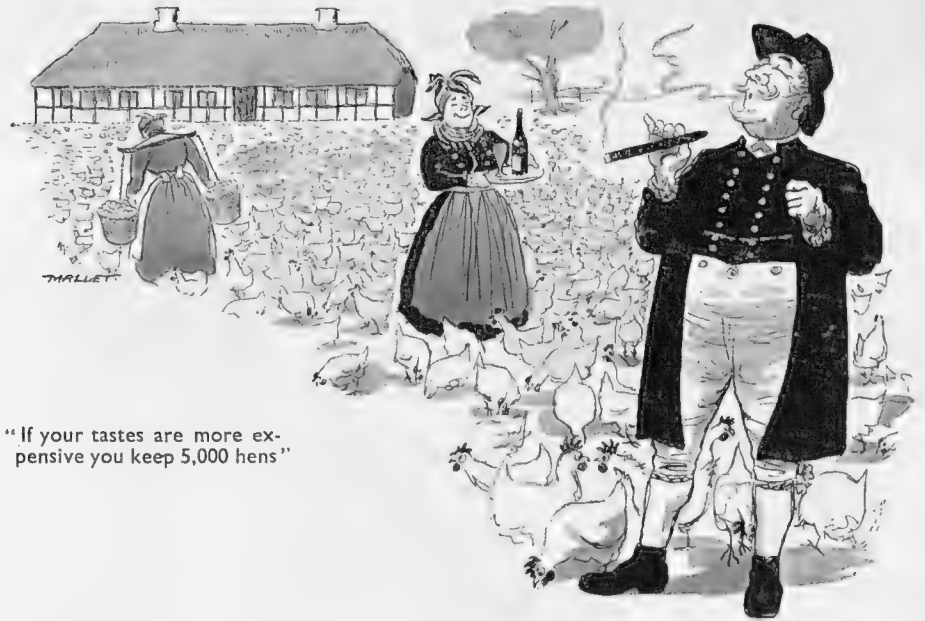
OUR own side must be well up to standard and it is certain that it will be wisely led by Alec Hill, a versatile person who has had so many successes in different spheres of life. Like the American side it has two really fine players who would rank as great in any generation. The first is J. B. Carr, who will be playing in his fifth match against America and has a good record behind him. He is a brilliant golfer with a flair for championship play over short sprint eighteen-hole matches. He plays the "old course" with the wisdom of an elder statesman. At his best it is hard to imagine anyone giving him a game and at his worst it seems he might still frighten the fabulous "Billy Joe P."

The other is R. J. White, who like Carr will be appearing for the fifth time. In these matches he has already won  $6\frac{1}{2}$  points out of a possible eight for his side, a record to which no other British player over the years can hold a candle. He has recently found time to practice again and is playing well.

It looks like an exciting match to me. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize."

# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



"If your tastes are more expensive you keep 5,000 hens"

THE young spring English countryside was green and sunny, but the trees were not moving and the black soil of Essex looked like corduroy, ribbed and dull.

Young pigs were skittering and washing flapped on the line, but this was the only sign of movement in a countryside still winter-bitten.

The estuary at Harwich was frilly and blue. And the gay little ship, the Princess Ingrid, bright and modern and pert, stood in the water, waiting to be across the North Sea for Esbjerg. . . . I write in this way, like an old-fashioned traveller to his favourite aunt, because I cannot help it. It was a poor summer and an abominable winter, long and bad-tempered, and this is the first time for a year that I have been on the move from London.

Even the gulls looked good to me.

OUR ship had its proper portraits of the King and Queen of Denmark, a great bull of a man with a grave, sedate queen; but everybody aboard was talking about the picture in the lounge of their daughter, heiress to the throne and to the oldest Royal line in Europe, the Princess Margaretha.

A gay little girl. Such a one would look good on a swing.

My Danish companions hardly stopped talking about her, giving endless examples of her unaffected charm. They say that the King and Queen have decided to send her this summer to school in England, but they are worried about it, for they are very much afraid that away from their care the little girl may lose some of her natural simplicity.

I tried to explain to them that the school she is going to at Ascot is used to coping with small Royal girls and they took some comfort from that. But they all spoke of this delightful little girl as though *they* were the parents. It was their child going to school abroad and what kind of other small girls she would mix with gave

them misgivings. As they talked the little ship bucked as no lady should, like a small duchess being butted by a playful goat. And such is the plenty of Danish food I was at times hardly paying attention to them.

Danish smorgasbrød is well known, ranging from ham to smoked eels and back again, but there was one dish I particularly liked: smoked herring and rings of raw onion with a raw egg broken over.

It should not, however, be followed by a following sea.

ESBJERG is Denmark's unbroken umbilical with England. Here are the great warehouses, stacked with bacon sides in winter and eggs in spring and

summer. To ensure that the good bacon keeps flowing to England it is a law that no Danish boar may be exported and if an English pig-farmer wants to buy one—which he does—he has to go to Sweden and get one on the black-market. The Swedes will charge him £3,000, which is quite a lot of money for a pig.

HENS are equally profitable. A good Danish hen, properly kept and fed, will pay in eggs a net profit of £1 a year; so that if you want to live on £500 a year you keep 500 hens, but if your tastes are more expensive keep 5,000 hens.

Esbjerg is also a big herring port. There are 400 vessels here, neat and bright, that travel to Scottish waters and back again for their catch.

Moored cheek by jowl they could have been a Dufy painting, sunny, gay and a little absurd.

Which is exactly what Denmark itself looks like. There was snow drifted in the fields, though the sun was hot and the thatched, whitewashed houses looked like slices of wedding cake.

I HAD come for the 150th birthday anniversary of Hans Christian Andersen.

Who reads Andersen nowadays? The Danes don't know and want to find out. It can't just be Sam Goldwyn and Danny Kaye. For Denmark is not just pigs, eggs and herrings; it is also a tourist nation. For this reason the King went to Odense, where Andersen, son of a shoemaker, was born, and made a speech over T.V. He made it in English, because there are only 1,400 television sets in Denmark and the larger viewing public, he felt, lay elsewhere.

Copenhagen had changed since the war. It had more neon-lighting to the square mile than any other city I saw, even New York. It looked like Christmas-all-the-year-round. And the people were out at midnight, window-shopping.



" . . . the greatest feat ever asked of a ballerina "



## FORMULARY

*Once in the dear dead days beyond recall  
A patient was revered however small  
His ulcer grew, and keen physicians vied  
To see no cherished symptom was denied.*

*How changed the scene now panels allocate  
Its sad specifics for the Welfare State,  
Its soulless ritual ruefully fulfil—  
Coal, corn cure, linctus, cotton-wool and pill. . .*

*Dear heaven, hearken to our poignant pleas—  
Oh, let us choose again our own disease!*

— JEAN STANGER

Visiting the ballet at the Royal Theatre I discovered one pleasing little number called "The Sleepwalker," which is being brought to the Edinburgh Festival this summer. A most delightful girl with a light-candle in her hand dances with her dream-prince. She looks like that wonderful woman in the Charles Addams cartoons. When he is stabbed she picks him up and carries him off stage. It is the greatest feat ever asked of a ballerina, and the ballet should do well.

IN the great cathedral at Roskilde, a fine perpendicular pile of brick, lie the dead kings of Denmark, with their swords atop the catafalques. It is all most impressive, but also revealing of the Danish character, for in one side chapel there is a stout pillar covered with notches. Visiting kings, come to pay tribute, are required to stand against the pillar to have their height measured.

Smallest by far, beating even Victor Emmanuel of Italy was King Prajadhipok of Siam. Tallest is not mentioned. A certain tall king known to us all cheated, adding six inches on to his real height. His name has been blotted out.

One evening at supper, after a gala performance at the King's theatre, where Frederick sometimes conducts the orchestra, I sat next Denmark's leading film star, Helle Roederer. She is a neat, graceful young person with eyelashes as sweeping as a trawl net (real, too).

She told me she makes two films at a time, then goes to the theatre at night, an average seventeen hour day. I regarded her with awe and recalled the phrase the Irish actor Micheal McLiammoir had used when contemplating the stamina and determination of another film star, Suzanne Cloutier (now Mrs. Peter Ustinov) when she played Desdemona to Orson Welles's Othello.

He conferred on her the title of The Iron Butterfly and I passed it on to Helle. She looked dubious, then delighted.

THE great castle at Elsinore, where the ghost of Hamlet's father walked and Larry Olivier fell in love with Vivien Leigh, is now centrally heated.

In the dungeons there is a great stone statue of Holger the Dane, a ferocious old Viking. Every Dane believes that when the country is in danger he will awake to save her.

The other day a piece of plaster fell on his nose from the ceiling and the nation quaked lest he awake. They thought the Russians were coming.

When I saw him he was having the pleasantest z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z. . .



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, secretary of the Royal Society of St. George (whose Day it is on Saturday), is the eleventh Duke of the famous line of Cavendish. After Eton and Trinity he served through the war in the Coldstream Guards, gaining the M.C. in the Italian campaign. The Duke is equally interested in politics and the management of his great estates—though these were considerably reduced by the need for meeting taxation on his father's death five years ago. He is also a familiar figure in the hunting field, is an excellent shot and owns a string of racehorses. His famous Derbyshire seat of Chatsworth (which has become a synonym for great houses in general) he has opened to the public: its assembly of works of art is probably outrivalled only by the great national collections. The Duke married the Hon. Deborah Freeman-Mitford, second daughter of Lord Redesdale, in 1941, and they have a son and a daughter

## WEST COUNTRY GUNNERS'

### "BREAKING UP" PARTY

THE officers' annual ball of the 312 (Gloucestershire) H.A.A. Regiment R.A. (T.A.) was the last before part of the regiment amalgamates to help form the new 311 (Bristol) H.A.A. Mobile Regiment. The other two batteries, at Cheltenham and Gloucester, are to become a new squadron in the 44th Royal Tank Regiment. Right: The C.O. of the regiment Lt.-Col. W. H. Kelson, Miss Rosemary Tivy and Gen. Sir Charles Allfrey, the Hon. Colonel, and Lady Allfrey looking at the regimental shield and a model gun made for an Indian Crown Prince that was captured at the siege of Lucknow. The ball was held in the Bristol Drill Hall



Morris

## DINING IN

### Salmon poaching

—Helen Burke

HOW easy it is to use words loosely—and how damaging they can be if taken literally! The word "boiled," for instance. We talk of "boiled beef and carrots," "boiled chicken," "boiled ham," "boiled fish" and so on when none of these should be boiled as if they were, let us say, potatoes.

And how misleading such a word as "boiled" can be for the beginner-cook. It may be years before she discovers that the flaw in her "boiled" fish dishes is that she really *has* boiled them.

Fish should never boil. "Poach" is the word to use and this means that the water, once it has reached boiling point, should barely move or not at all.

Salmon is the fish of the moment and from now until August should be at its best and, let us hope, cheapest.

IF you plan to "boil" a whole salmon, first prepare sufficient *court bouillon* to cover it, the quantity depending on the size of the fish. For 4 quarts of water, allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint wine vinegar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. rock salt, several crushed peppercorns,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sliced carrots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sliced onions and a large *bouquet garni*. Cover and boil for  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour. Strain and leave to become cold.

Place the salmon on the drainer of a fish kettle and cover it with the cold *court bouillon*. Twice I have written "cold," and deliberately. A whole salmon and certain other fish should be covered with cold liquid, because, should boiling liquid be poured on it, or should it be immersed in boiling liquid, the flesh will shrink and the skin, more than likely, will be broken and much of the flavour will be lost.

GENTLY bring to the boil. At once lower the heat so that the fish is poached in barely quivering liquid. The cooking time for a salmon weighing 8 to 10 lb. is 30 minutes—that is, from the time the liquid comes to the boil. If the salmon is to be served cold, the poaching time can be slightly shortened and the fish left in the liquid to become cold. It is then skinned and decorated with thinly sliced cucumber.

Conversely, if a *piece* of salmon is to be cooked, it should go into boiling *court bouillon*, because the boiling liquid will help to close the cut ends and thus seal in the flavour. This is the edict of Escoffier, and he is right. Some chefs do not agree with vinegar being in the poaching liquid, saying it tends to bleach the colour of the salmon, especially if it is a salmon steak.

Place the piece of salmon on a plate, tie the plate in a cloth and gently lower it into the boiling liquid. Allow 9 to 10 minutes a pound for a thickish piece and 7 to 8 minutes a pound for a thinish one.

With hot salmon, the usual sauces served are Hollandaise, Mousseline or melted butter. With cold salmon serve mayonnaise, but let it be real mayonnaise, for so much so-called "mayonnaise" is not that. Otherwise, serve Montpellier Butter with cold salmon. It will take just as long to make as mayonnaise but, for the beginner, is much less likely to go wrong.

GRILLED salmon steaks or slices should be the easiest of all ways of cooking the fish, but many of them are very dry. So do not overcook them. Brush the surface with melted butter or olive oil. Place in the grill pan—not on the grid—and grill fairly quickly. Turn after 5 to 6 minutes and cook the other side. When the centre bone can be removed, the fish is ready. Serve with a pat of *maitre d'hôtel* butter on each steak, so that it melts and runs in and over them.



## DINING OUT

### Very public meal

IT was enterprising of the Danish Tourist Bureau to have people actually lunching on their stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition, eating Danish food prepared in the Danish kitchen next door, but I am not sure whether André and Madame Simon, Lady Swaythling or myself thought it was quite such a good idea when, being invited to lunch at the Show, we found ourselves without warning sitting on the stand in full view of a large crowd of visitors to the Exhibition. One felt as though one was taking part in the Chimps' Tea Party at the Zoo.

However, the sherry to start with, the Aalborg

Akvavit which we had with the very excellent *Smorrebrod*, soon helped us to get over our embarrassment. We had Carlsberg Lager with the *Aeggekage*, which, apart from chopped bacon and chives, is much concerned with eggs, no fewer than ten being used in the preparation of this dish for four people.

We concluded with Samsø cheese which was accompanied by Cherry Heering, this gastronomic adventure being described in detail over a loud-speaker by a Danish lady who sat at the head of the table.

A LESS embarrassing occasion was the dinner given at Boulestin's Restaurant in Southampton Street to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Brillat-Savarin, who lived in a period when gross feeding and gluttony was the order of the day. He made a lifetime's study of the question of taste and the art of good living in general, with careful selection of choice foods in reasonable quantities and the right wine to go with them. This he described in a work which immediately became famous and has remained so ever since—the *Physiologie du Goût*, an English edition of which was published in 1925.

Marcel Boulestin himself was indeed a gourmet in his own right and, as it were, a disciple of Brillat-Savarin. After World War Two he opened a small restaurant in London where he soon found himself patronized by a very distinguished company. When it became too small he took over the present establishment.

I am sure that neither Brillat-Savarin nor Marcel Boulestin would have complained of the menu chosen for this celebration.

FROM the shadow of past masters into the rough and ready of the public bar at the One Pound One, otherwise known as The Guinea, a public house in Bruton Place whose original licence is reputed to date back to 1423. Alistair Greig, the landlord, undoubtedly has some original ideas.

He thought it would be an amusing and perhaps lucrative experiment if he could make it possible for those customers who, having quenched their thirst with their pints of mild and bitter, and wished to go off somewhere to wine and dine luxuriously, could do so without leaving the premises. This he has achieved by converting a disused room at the back of the inn into a very smart, intimate little restaurant with an open silver grill, a chef in attendance, steaks, kidneys, chops, etc., of the highest quality and a very adequate wine list. You get the impression when you first enter that you must have stepped into the back end of a restaurant in another street where the chef had provided a secret door so that he could reach in for a glass of "half and half" now and again.

The other peculiarity of this pub is that it has "Old Rarity" Scotch Whisky (75 per cent proof) among the optics at 2s. per nip; quite astonishing.

—I. Bickerstaff



# SQUASH PLAYERS GATHERED AT THEIR ANNUAL BALL



**G**UESTS at the Squash Rackets Association ball included the Canadian Jesters S.R. team, who are here on an official tour, and the English women's team, who have just returned from their triumphs in the U.S.A. Right: Miss Jennifer Howard with Mr. John Young of the Escorts Club



*Left: Mr. Graham Daniels, secretary of the Oxford University Squash Club, was having a chat with Miss Anne Matthews*



*Right: Mr. David Dyer, Miss Carol Gray, Mrs. and Mr. Peter Cantlay, who is a member of the Jesters Club and on the S.R.A. committee*



*Left: Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Stokes at the ball, which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Dr. Stokes is chairman of the Canadian Jesters Club*

*Right: Mrs. R. P. Hughes, Mr. R. P. Hughes, Miss Janet Morgan, the British, Australian and U.S. champion, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Radford and Mrs. Steven Harris*



## Priscilla in Paris

# Montmartre stand-to



THE BERGEN LINE gave a party in Oslo for British ski-ing undergraduates visiting Norway. Here Mr. F. C. C. Stanley, the Line's managing director, is with Miss Unn Soiland, formerly of Newnham College



Mrs. Edward Lambton congratulates Mr. Guiseppe Gazzoni-Frascara, of Oxford, on making the quickest run of the day, when competing against a Norwegian team



F. J. Goodman

Miss Anne Motzfeldt, daughter of Gen. Birger Motzfeldt, formerly of the Norwegian Embassy in London, talking to Mr. H. K. Lemkuhl, present Press Counsellor at the same Embassy

WE cannot accuse the City Fathers of being particularly sentimental about the beauty spots of this lovely town. Space and utility have the *pas* over the merely picturesque, and it is left to the lovers of old traditions and smiling yesterdays to try to save the moss-covered stones and secret gardens that are dear to us!

For several years now such well-known Parisians as prefect Paul Haag, Roland Dorgelès, Gustave Charpentier and Vertex, amongst many other celebrities, have been fighting to save the village of Montmartre from an encroaching flood of pseudo-rustic cabarets and restaurants, complete with juke-boxes and Paris-by-night visitors.

The Montmartre of the Place Pigalle (pronounced "pig-alley" by so many overseas strangers) is not the real Montmartre, which is the little village bounded by the rue Lepic and the rue Lamarck.

It enshrines the famous old Moulin de la Galette (built in 1621), that has been so dear to Renoir, VanGogh, Utrillo, Toulouse-Lautrec and, alas, the innumerable daubers who have climbed la Butte in search of local colour. Less well known is the chateau des Brouillards, the house where lived Rose de Rosimond, an actor who is said to have understudied Molière, and all the charming little anonymous dwellings so badly in need of repair. . . .

A committee has been formed, of which Paul Yaki is the secretary. Certain suggestions have been accepted by the municipal ædiles and two landscape designers, Jacques Ogé and Claude Carpentier, nephew of the composer of *Louise*, hope to restore the past, romantic aspect of the enchanting oasis that dominates Paris.

A somewhat costly undertaking, no doubt, but if thousands of millions have been found (almost easily) for the restoration of the Palace and the gardens of Versailles, it must be possible to find a few hundreds of millions for the cottages and garden plots of Montmartre.

SPEAKING of millions, wisely or unwisely spent, I have seen Sacha Guitry's costly film-digest of the life of Napoleon.

What the professional critics and erudite historians have written about the production makes sad reading. What the guests who were invited to the gala première are still saying makes painful hearing, but what the box-offices of three big cinema theatres are raking in must be very pleasant for those whom it may concern.

This, however, may be the first, fine—but not careless—frenzy. The crowds are rolling up, but even the Saturday-nighters

are finding it hard to stomach paying almost 9s. for the cheapest seat at the Gaumont Palace, the cheapest of the three houses. At the most expensive, the Paris, in the Champs Elysées, all seats are 16s. 6d.

I plumped for the Berlitz—a betwixt and between theatre—on the *grands boulevards*, and found, as I expected, a mixed bag of spectators from all over Paris. The house was not quite full and there was no queue outside.

The audience listened intently, gazed stolidly without fidgeting and, at the end, filed out in a silence that was not the silence of emotion.

Though I dawdled and eavesdropped shamelessly, I heard nothing to note save the incredulous wonder expressed by a shrimp-like woman in black that the *vognards* of the *grande armée* came through the bloodiest battles without a stain on their white pants!



PETER USTINOV'S Four Colonels have thrown a party on the occasion of the first hundred performance of their loves. It is an understood thing that this first hundred will be followed by many others. Long years ago, when great grandmama was young, a famous farce, entitled

*Charley's Aunt*, was played for season after season and humorous posters of Auntie "still running" were splashed over London hoardings. Our grandchildren probably will chuckle over the Four Colonels who will be still loving, and no doubt they will murmur "what constancy!"

ME. DOLLY FAIRLIE, of the Théâtre Fontaine, where the Colonels love, had the bright thought of inviting all the other lady-managers of Paris to the party. I had not realised there were so many, and so many that are successful. Simonne Volterra runs the Marigny, Gilberte Refoulé the Ambassadeurs, Parysis the Michel, Mary Morgan the St. Georges, Marguerite Jamois the Montparnasse, Elizabeth Hajar the Edouard VII., Elvire Popesco the Paris, Simone Berriau the Antoine, Paule Rolle the Gymnase and . . . but there are so many I have no space for them all.

I will merely add that five out of the above-mentioned highly successful ladies are all staging English or American plays. Six, if one counts Simonne Volterra's excursion into the poesy of Mr. Christopher Fry.

## Bureau de change . . .

● From a "Beauty Hints" advertisement: ". . . in one sitting a woman can become younger and enter into a class of beauty superior to the one she belongs to."





## THE DUKE OF BEDFORD OPENS WOBURN ABBEY

WOBURN ABBEY is the latest of the beautiful and historic houses of England to be opened to visitors by its owner, the thirteenth Duke of Bedford. Fourteen of the Abbey's ninety rooms are on view, and also the 3000-acre park. The Duke and Duchess are seen in "Queen Victoria's Bedroom," which is notable for the magnificent ceiling and Louis Seize furniture. The Dukes of Bedford are descended from John Russell, Esq., afterwards first Earl of Bedford, who was born in 1485 and was a prominent statesman in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Mary

## At the Theatre

# Wondrous urchin

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

MISS CHARLOTTE HASTINGS'S *Uncertain Joy*, at the Royal Court, is a frankly sentimental and gently diverting comedy. It has Mr. Roger Livesey and Miss Ursula Jeans in leading parts. These are qualities and personalities that favour success; but the play's strongest card will probably turn out, all the same, to be the performance of an unknown boy.

Michael Brooke has, I believe, appeared in children's television, but his "naturalness" on the stage is such as almost wholly to conceal whatever training in elocution and deportment has gone to produce it. He flings himself alive into the skin of his part—that of a motherless brat turned into a little savage by a brutal father; and inevitably his urchin pathos steals the play.

His elders' highly cultivated skill and charm, though nicely adapted to the conventional realities of sentimental comedy, are here faced with a rather different sort of reality—the reality that springs from fortunate type-casting, whether of small boy or dog. They have to use all their technical resource to reconcile the two kinds of reality,

and the better they succeed the more they will appear to the uninstructed eye at a disadvantage. This is not, of course, to decry the boy's performance. In its naturalness it is delightful.

TOD is the terror of the neighbourhood, always making destructive raids on drawing-rooms left open to the garden or, espying from his hiding place an exposed neck, loosing off his catapult at it.

But Mr. Livesey's golden-hearted schoolmaster has a kindness for the little beast. He has discovered that Tod is a great reader and has an intuitive sense of good writing. This stirs his professional interest. A stormy interview with the brutal father, who is about to cart the boy away to America, stirs his strong parental interest. His happy marriage has been a childless one. He

induces his rather unwilling wife and Tod's more than willing father to let him adopt the boy.

To us the experiment seems a rash one, and so it turns out to be. In some eighteen months the schoolmaster's gentle understanding has won the boy's dog-like devotion, but his happy marriage is rather the worse for wear. It is all very well for the schoolmaster; he has his school. But the wife of Miss Jeans is a writer of detective fiction and during her working hours she is much exposed to the boy, who has taken an unreasonable and apparently unalterable dislike to her. Miss Hastings is deft in her suggestions of married happiness slowly deteriorating as the husband's obsession with his educational experiment grows. She is less happy in arranging the return of the brutal father and giving him a pretext for reclaiming his son; and in order that all may be well with Tod in the end she has recourse to melodrama that sits a little oddly on the rest of the story. But at least it may be said that, untidy as the arrangements are, they keep the emotional excitement going.

It is an open question whether Mr. Livesey might not temper the somewhat saccharine character of the schoolmaster with a touch or two more of astringency, but choosing to surrender himself to an almost god-like state of pedagogic understanding and parental toleration he makes a most agreeable and bland business of it. He leaves the astringency to Miss Jeans, and she supplies it in a pleasingly realistic manner. Mr. Richard Leech makes an effectively horrible figure of the boy's father and Miss Marda Vanne gains a certain sympathy for the colonel's wife who holds firmly that all Tod wants to become a decent citizen is just one more good beating.

MR. NOEL HOWLETT ensures his welcome as the legal friend without whose advice some of the situations would lose their shapeliness. But the heart of the play remains Michael Brooke's most attractive presentment of the small boy struggling pathetically out of savagery to decency, by way of many side slips and one shocking experience.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. Giovanni Dawson (Richard Leech), the brutal father of the boy Tod, and now a rich man, who wants his son back, and Mrs. Blundell (Marda Vanne), a believer in old-fashioned methods of punishment



DISTRAUGHT FAMILY. Arnold Hamble, Q.C. (Noel Howlett), looks on sympathetically at Barbara Leigh (Ursula Jeans), who finds her husband's experiment in child redemption is wrecking their marriage, Tod, the problem child (Michael Brooke), and Stephen Leigh (Roger Livesey), a persistently golden-hearted idealist





Vivienne

## MISS WYNYARD IN NEW PLAY

**D**IANA WYNYARD is playing the lead in *The Bad Seed*, a drama by Maxwell Anderson from the novel by William March, which opened at the Aldwych Theatre on April 14th. The play, which is a current success on Broadway, is directed by Frith Banbury, and the supporting cast includes Margalo Gillmore, Malcolm Keen and Carol Wolveridge. Diana Wynyard is not only one of our finest dramatic actresses but she is also accomplished in the art of sophisticated comedy. Her last appearance on the West End stage was in John Whiting's play *Marching Song* at the St. Martin's Theatre

## London Limelight

### The maturing of Maurice

**M**AURICE CHEVALIER, back briefly at the Palace, is maturing with more distinction than many of his contemporaries. He conserves his singing voice, talks more and has added a dollop of cream to the strong black coffee of his individual charm. Although he repeats most of his tricks (and very rightly, for that is what we have come to see), it is always slightly surprising to me to rediscover how well he dances, and to remember that the great man started life as a hooper who could also sing.

The theory that "Maurice can never grow old" is proving a great nonsense. But now that he is nearer seventy than sixty he is beginning to exhibit the subtler flavours of his experience, and by the time he arrives at A. E. Matthews's years, he will, no doubt, have as much authoritative aplomb as the older master. In the meantime he is just about the greatest of one-man bands and

he is still singing "Ma Pomme," after he has disposed of the lesser vintages.

**A**NTONIO's new bill at the Saville is a great advance on the first. The lighting, décor and costumes have all been improved and those who were superior about the skill of his supporting cast are made to look silly.

In the opening suite of Spanish sonatas by Father Soler all the quality of a Velasquez canvas is deliberately and skilfully reproduced. The master himself in his wilder moods is more of the school of Goya, and he is generous, sometimes to the point of profligacy, with his talent.



Maurice Chevalier in a short visit to the Palace Theatre is delighting audiences with a charm and versatility which show that he is still one of the greatest solo artistes not only of France, but of the world

As a choreographer he is less happy. The set-piece of the evening is da Falla's *El Amor Brujo*, in ballet form. This calls for a set which might be twin brother to Picasso's *Tricorne*, but receives near-pantomime treatment, which deprives the Fire Dance of much of its impact. But Antonio provides a most royal entertainment, more varied and exciting than one could find in Spain itself in a month's intensive culture-intake.

**S**PIVY, a voluminous lady who is celebrated (I gather) in the night-clubs of New York, is entertaining at the Café de Paris. Her attack—and that is the right word—is not unlike that of her compatriot, Dwight Fiske, who was on the same floor a year or so ago. She sweeps the company along in one fine flourish on the assumption that we all know each other, everyone else worth knowing, the very latest in gossip and pointed anecdote, and in fact that we are all wildly sophisticated, even if a trifle cryptogamic.

Not a bad premise in this atmosphere, she gets away with at least half of it.

She is to be followed on May 2nd by Billy de Wolfe, and on June 6th the fabulous Marlene Dietrich returns, which should solve this restaurant's cabaret problems for as long as she cares to remain in town.

—Youngman Carter

## At the Pictures

## Home on the prairie

WALT DISNEY's latest "True-Life Adventure Feature," *The Vanishing Prairie*, is entertaining and instructive fare for the whole family. It is a colourful panorama of wild life in the North American prairie, which stretches from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains.

Good as it is, however, it is no more than a repetition of the formula as before. The underlying premiss of Disney's work in this field is that the animal world is much the same as ours, governed by the same needs, ambitions and emotions revolving round Nature's births, marriages and deaths column. In this film it is the same story on a new stage with a new cast of animal actors.

THE commentary, of course, does not go so far as to admit this theme. "Nature labels no creature good or bad. The problems are always the same—self-preservation and the protection of the young," it tells us with clinical correctness. But I am sure Disney expects us to say "how cute" when the baby owl lifts its nose in apparent disdain at the prairie dog, and "how sweet" when the ferocious little mountain lion cubs play at hunting. Cuteness and sweetness are human characteristics skilfully projected by Disney into this savage and purely business-minded animal domain—and for the purely human business purpose of the box-office.

Still, why not? It is superbly done with all the technical magic of the camera, the cutting-room and the sound track. And what patience and naturalists' knowledge must go into getting the material.

We spend most of the time with the prairie dog, who is the most sympathetic creature living on these vast plains. He lives in underground colonies and has a constant housing problem, because

other less friendly neighbours are always trying to move in on him. He must be pretty nippy, because his enemies' order of battle includes coyotes, rattlesnakes, badgers, eagles, falcons and buffaloes.

WE are also introduced to the problems of the mountain lioness in bringing up her young. There is suspense, too, as we watch the baby fawn outwit the prowling mother lioness. There is comedy when the prairie dogs fool the badger. High drama when the bull buffaloes thunder into head-on battle. Terror when the buffalo herd



George Raft, Ginger Rogers and Van Heflin star in the sophisticated thriller, *Black Widow*, a story of murder and intrigue in a New York theatrical setting

stampedes at the prairie fire. Pathos when the prairie dogs are flooded from their home.

I was a little bored when the battles of the mountain rams were conducted to the timing of a symphony. This is an editing trick which is wearing a little thin.

The commentary is informative and not too high-faluting. But I do think we might have been spared the pay-off line about "the vanishing pageant of the past" becoming "the enduring pageant of the future."

For those who like a well-made, sophisticated thriller I advise *Black Widow*. It is, furthermore, I am told, the first thriller in CinemaScope.

It is written and directed by Nunnally Johnson, which is a guarantee of tidy work. What lifts it out of the rut is that the characters are interesting and clearly drawn people and the action is derived from their personalities. Mr. Johnson is also aided by an extremely able cast—Ginger Rogers, George Raft, Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, Peggy Ann Garner and Reginald Gardiner.

Van Heflin, a prominent theatrical producer, befriends quite innocently Peggy Ann Garner, a girl who has come to carve a career in New York as a writer. She carves very well and Miss Garner gives us a terrifyingly good study of a cold-blooded little climber. However, one day she is found dead. Whodunit? Circumstances inevitably point to Van Heflin. And but for Police-Lieutenant George Raft there is no doubt he would have been for it. After some entertaining false alarms, and some satisfying acting from all concerned, justice is done.

As a successful and egotistical actress Miss Rogers gives a delicious performance in the grand manner. George Raft impersonates himself with his usual consummate skill, and that is just what is wanted. The script and dialogue are clear and pointed, and it is altogether a most professional job.

The above are all I can honestly recommend this week. There is an Italian film *The Sin of Anna*, directed by Camillo Mastrocinque.

At the start it makes a pretence of dealing with the colour question and the problem of mixed love-affairs. But it soon settles down into a rather ordinary melodrama.

The hero is Ben E. Johnson, who plays a negro actor invited to Rome to play Othello. The heroine is Anna Vita, who is to play Desdemona with him on the stage, but finds herself playing it in real life. The idea is good, but it could have been done a lot better than this.

—Dennis W. Clarke



REX HARRISON is the unfortunate victim of amnesia in his latest film comedy *The Constant Husband*. He is seen above in three of the roles he thinks he may have played in life, gazing into a mirror and seeking forlornly for a clue to his lost personality. Is he a peer of the realm? A Civil Servant? An actor? Further evidence proves that his past is strewn with the wreckage of amorous exploits which take him by surprise around every blind corner of his eventful life





IN A ROARING GALE, climax develops on the cargo ship carrying an unwanted but disturbing passenger, Ruth Elton. This heroine, played by twenty-one-year-old Diane Cilento, daughter of an eminent Brisbane doctor, Sir Raphael Cilento, is here seen struggling across the sea-washed deck in the J. Arthur Rank film *Passage Home*, which ranges the heights and depths of emotion within the compass of a record-breaking Atlantic crossing

## Television

### PRODIGY'S BIRTHDAY

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

PERHAPS as a birthday honour to TV's one completely satisfactory regular achievement, programmes this week take a heartening turn. To-morrow's anniversary programme, of course, is the fiftieth "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral."

Very properly the team consists of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, whose blend of uncanny knowledgeability and debonair humour; Adrian Digby, whose urbanely encyclopædic learning; Professor Bodkin, whose Irishism; and, above all, Glyn Daniel, whose benevolent headmastering from the chair, have together made this museum piece into the liveliest diversion on TV and archaeology into a popular sport. Its success (it was hardly expected to live to six, much less fifty) gives courage to all who hope for civilized entertainment from TV.

Ian McCormick's tetralogy, *The Promised Years*, gave further stimulus to that hope last year and was duly honoured in the year's awards. Sunday's play *Safe Haven* is the first of his work to be seen since then.

As author of one of the few important plays written originally for TV, McCormick can be sure of an attentive audience. The new play is a more domestic drama than his ambitious cycle of war's aftermath; a tale of a prodigal

father, played by Finlay Currie. The cast includes Paul Carpenter and Pamela Alan from his former success.

HAD I to name the two most impressive personalities seen on TV they would be the Aga Khan and Orson Welles. So I welcome on Sunday the first of a series of six films from Orson Welles's sketchbook. The fifteen-minute films have been produced by Huw Wheldon, producer of the "Press Conference," which Mr. Welles handled so superbly. In Sunday's "Sketchbook" he will be reminiscing about the Gate Theatre, Dublin.

A welcome return on Friday is that of Shakuntala Shrinagesh, the beautiful Indian chairman, to Asian Club. To-night's novelty will be "Have You a Camera?", a series of classes in photography conducted by Baron, for the co-operative viewer.



### The gramophone

#### SWEET AS THE BUL-BUL

TO-NIGHT the Wright and Forrest musical *Kismet* opens at the Stoll Theatre in London, and there are a varied selection of recordings to suit all tastes. The principal song, "Stranger in Paradise," is sung with individual effectiveness

by Tony Martin (H.M.V. B.10849), Ronnie Harris (Columbia DB.3595), Edmund Hockridge (Parlophone R.4011) and Vic Damone (Mercury MB.3208), who is also joined by Georgia Gibbs and Ross Bagdarsarian in an Extended Play featuring this song, "Not Since Nineveh," "Zubbeydiya" and "Baubles, Bangles and Beads." (Mercury E.P.-1-3160.)

Easy on the ear though each of these records is, there must be a decided preference for the two double-sided 10-in. 78's made by some of those actually appearing at the Stoll Theatre. That fine artist, Alfred Drake, commands immediate attention with "Rhymes Have I" and "The Olive Tree." These songs are presented with such easy certainty that they cannot fail to please. The leading lady, Doretta Morrow, sings "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," in which she is joined by Richard Oneto, and "Stranger in Paradise" with Richard Kiley. She has a beautifully-controlled voice and must obviously make her mark this side.

"KISMET'S" music is based on themes of Borodin, which have been orchestrated and interwoven into the score with infinite skill and intelligence. However much one may abhor the often far-too-prevalent trend to "tinker about" with the classics, here is something expressed so correctly in musical terms that even the most philistine character cannot honestly complain. Soon the songs will be sung, whistled and played throughout the length and breadth of these islands, as, indeed, they should, and against the threat of over-familiarity there will always be the superb artistry of Alfred Drake, Doretta Morrow and their colleagues to compensate. (Philips PB.435-6.)

—Robert Tredinnick



At the Cowdray Hunt Point-to-Point, during the course of the Pearson Open Steeplechase, the leaders of the field are seen taking a fence in the first round, with Major Guy Knight's Silver Measure (No. 3) in the lead

## THE HEIGHT OF THE POINT-TO-POINT SE

THREE popular point-to-points that are always well attended were the Cowdray, which, by kind permission of Viscount Cowdray, was held at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, on Easter Monday, the Quorn at Melton Mowbray, which took place a little earlier, and the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), a very successful West Country meeting



AT THE COWDRAY POINT-TO-POINT. Above: Col. S. V. Kennedy, M.C., who was a judge, Mrs. S. V. Kennedy and Mr. F. R. Stovold, Master of the Chiddingfold Farmers, a judge. Below: Mr. R. F. G. Barlow, Joint Master of the Chiddingfold and Leconfield, Mr. J. Rogerson, Capt. J. D. Moore and Miss Valda Rogerson, who was riding in the Ladies' Race



THE QUORN HUNT 'CHASES. Above, left: Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith, wife of Master of the Quorn, was talking to Col. John Smith-Maxwell and Miss Monica Shee. Above, right: Mr. F. Mee, a former Master of the Hunt, joking with Mrs. Cullen Gibson and Mr. Barry Gibson. It was an ideal day for the event, and support from neighbouring hunts, both in spectators and riders, was particularly good, giving evidence that the Quorn is starting off on its third century of existence with excellent prospects. Many family parties had a foretaste of summer picnics at this enjoyable grass country gathering.



AT THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) MEETING a dead-heat for the first race turned out to be a good omen for the followers of Earl Bathurst's hounds. There were several close finishes and a large crowd enjoyed an excellent afternoon's sport at Siddington, near Cirencester



Lord Beresford, who rode Mr. A. V. Arkell's Greyspot in the first race, was parading his horse around the paddock



Earl St. Aldwyn, from Williamstrip, was pointing out a rider to Major Guy Gibbs and Capt. A. Smith-Bingham



Left: Mr. A. Pearce with Miss Gill Pearce, who rode Congo Song in the Ladies' Race, watching runners parade in the paddock



Right: Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley was escorted by her son John, a keen racegoer, who had definite ideas on the subject of selecting his choice

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

VINTNERS' whimsy upsets us (and, we trust, you) infinitely less than any other kind now rampant in the publicity racket, because vintners have hearts of gold. A rather arch little chart which came to us with a wine-list the other day, purporting to show which wines should be drunk with TV ballet, sport, news, variety, and so forth, left us therefore merely in indulgent mood, saying smilingly tck, tck.

Somebody should warn the vintners, nevertheless, that over-indulgence in whimsy may drag them down to the level of an awful industrial concern which can't sell the citizenry a tin screwdriver without fluttering its eyelashes and playing hide-and-seek with the elves. Vintners' mothers never brought their boys up to mix with oily types in dungarees dancing round the Maypole, we thought last week, gazing at an historic portrait in a wine-merchant's window—that of a great vintner's mother, Mme. Veuve Clicquot. Contemplating that calm, regal old face we could hear a gentle aged voice murmuring "Eh, salauds!"

## Poke

THAT night we dreamed we were listening to Mme. Veuve Clicquot reminding the vintner boys from her armchair of their high calling—of the Mystery of the Vine, the triumphal March from Asia, the cymbals, the thyrsus, and the panther-drawn Chariot. "Compris?" the Widow kept saying kindly at intervals, and finally, as the Master of the Vintners' Company happened to be within reach, she gave him a little playful poke with her ebony walking-stick, saying "Allez, allez," and "De la tenue, cher maître, voyons!" Mme. Veuve Clicquot, the boys are sorry (we think).

## Legs

WHEN next passing through the city of Milan, Italy, we propose dropping in to see the Franceschi Stocking Collection, housed in a celebrated hosiery establishment in the Via Manzoni. The latest catalogue, just issued, lists 140 pairs of authentic silk stockings once covering historic legs ranging, on the mem-sahibs' side alone, over three centuries from Christina of Sweden down to La Belle Garbo.

Since few people are permitted to study the big girls' legs at leisure during their lifetime, the scientific value of this museum is obviously considerable. A good roomy stocking like Queen Christina's, for example, will convince the student that this massive rampaging wench would have made a pretty useful hockey-half for Swedish Ladies, and maybe did. A slim, shapely stocking like the Pompadour's, again, explains Horace Walpole's sneer at her performance on the wing against Mayfair Lady Barbarians in 1775—"first-class Rugger pour les dames is hardly this floozie's tea." And we'd personally devote a little respectful scrutiny to the slightly plumper stockings in the Franceschi collection worn by Queen Victoria, having been given to understand by Nanny that, unlike Catherine the Great, she had no legs at all. ("Never heard any mentioned," said Nanny briefly, "and quite right too.")

## Afterthought

CATHERINE THE GREAT obviously had legs, as we guessed long before looking through the Franceschi catalogue, because when the philosopher Diderot tried to pinch her

knees—a common philosophical trick—during an historic interview she rose and moved round the table. Her Mums had warned her against Third Programme types, no doubt. Even then a girl had to have presence of mind to get away. And, of course, legs.

## Wire

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S underbodice in a glass case is one of the 150-odd major exhibits on view at the family parsonage at Haworth, noted a cheery Press boy during the recent Brontë Centenary jamboree. The rest of Charlotte's lingerie, a chap in close touch tells us, is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, together with Emily's bedsocks, Anne's spare dentures, one of the whisky-bottles emptied by Brother Branwell, and a flannel chest-protector worn by Ole Debbie Papa in a quandary.

Discussing these treasures with Brontë fans, we often ask suddenly where the wire is. They say blankly, "Wire?" We then perceive that they're pretending not to know about the Goldstein fiasco. The great Al Goldstein rushed over from New York via Paris to see the girls during the Brontë boom of 1847. Charlotte's diary preserves the gist of a fateful interview:

GOLD: Frustrated, huh? (Nods sagely, lights a cigar.) I guess that's swell.

CHARLOTTE: Pardon me, Mr. Goldstein. Our frustration—

GOLD: You wanna capitalize it, see? Capitalize it in a big way.

EMILY: Pray, Mr. Goldstein—

GOLD: Listen. Ever been frustrated on the slack wire?

## Bird

MR. GOLDSTEIN then developed a plan to launch the Brontës in international variety at the Casino de Paris as *Les 3 Frustration Girls, Reines de l'Equilibre*. On Anne's bursting into tears he said hastily:

"Don't get me wrawng, baby—the nood stuff's out. Just a song or two," said Mr. Goldstein, waving his cigar, "maybe a coupla comedy gags with a wheelbarrow or sumpting, see? It's a whiz."

As is generally known, *Les Frustration Girls'* triple act on the slack wire got the general bird at the *répétition générale*, and in the confusion the wire was stolen by a tiny literary critic. Where is it now?

## Line

PROPOS a gallant attempt by a Sunday-paper girl to discover, broadly, what modern poets as a whole are trying to say, if anything, may we remind you of a pretty reasonable survey of the poets included in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* which appeared some time ago?

Some five per cent to God, or to his saints;  
Forty per cent to Nature, or her proxies;  
And all the rest, God help us, to complaints  
From gents pursuing, or turned down by, doxies.

You'd never think, to look at some of the big boys' portraits, that they brooded so much over the frightful things women do to poets. Yet it's quite an obsession with most of our classic songbirds, from Shakespeare down, whereas nowadays, we gather, a good sock on the jaw settles it and the poetry boys are able to devote themselves to brooding over something else. Exactly what else nobody seems to be clear about, and we doubt strongly if you care, you sterling old whites.

BRIGGS—by Graham





## EASTER YACHT RACING AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH

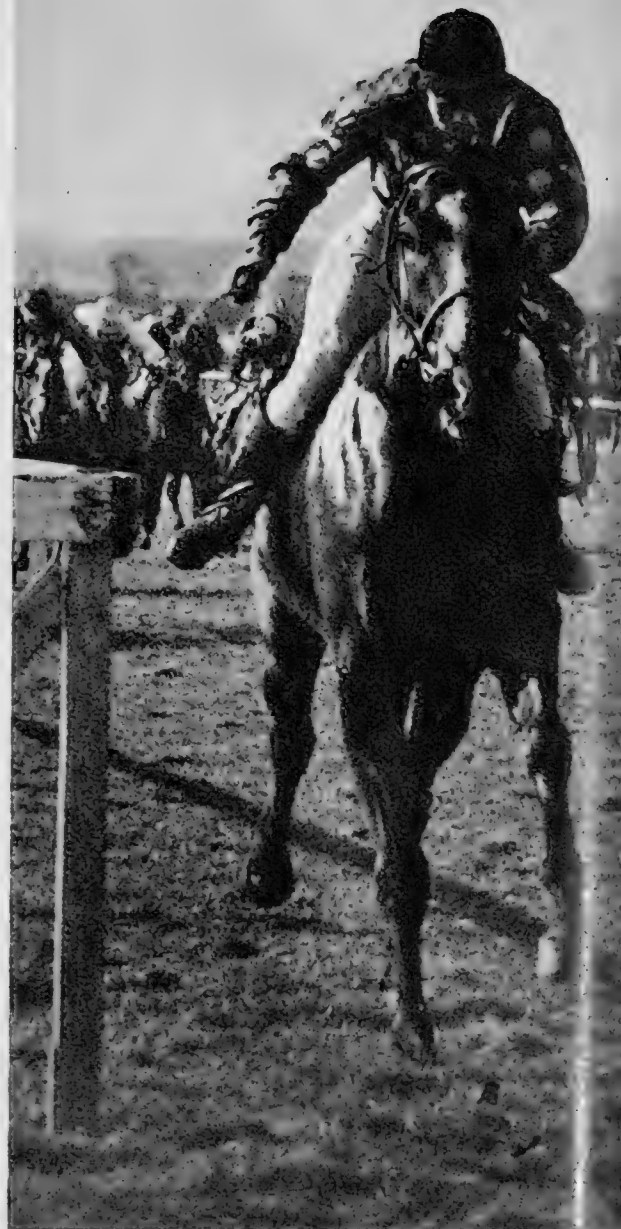
THE Royal Burnham Yacht Club, which was founded in 1895, had a regatta on Easter Saturday and some successful and exciting racing was held in excellent sailing conditions in a moderately fresh westerly breeze. Above : In the Dragon class, Mr. J. Sulman's Troll heels over as she beats back to the finishing-line and third place. Left : Mr. W. Gordon Smith's Vana, racing to the finish on the port tack, was the winner by three minutes over the 12½-mile course. Other classes racing included the Royal Burnham and Royal Corinthian I Designs, Hornets and Merlin Rockets, all of which showed their qualities to good advantage in the prevailing wind and sea conditions

## A SURPRISE VICTORY AT THE CURRAGH

THE season on the famous Co. Kildare racecourse opened with the Irish Lincolnshire Handicap, where Mr. Archie Willis, the Belfast owner, saw his colours carried to victory in a surprise win by Cockles and Mussels. The five-year-old mare was trained at the Curragh by Cecil Brabazon



Left: W. R. Johnstone, the English rider, talking to Lady Ursula Vernon and her husband, Major Stephen Vernon. Lady Ursula's horse Jaspe was third in the Irish Lincoln



Right: Manaoos, with F. Short up, losing the race by three parts of a length to Cockles and Mussels, ridden by Leslie Parkes

### At The Races

## THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

MANY things in connection with this horse (racing) business have a quaint humour which is all their own. There is the instance of the confiding loon who takes on a chance ride on an animal that he does not even know by sight. This is usually an adventure heavily spiced with thrill. Some people really like that sort of thing, others just say they do and are too cowardly to say no to the bandit who has asked them to pilot it.

They do not at once proceed to probe what is behind the answer "My wife won't let me," given to the question "Why aren't you riding it?" Usually all the information the enquirer gets is, "Don't you believe what all those duck-hearted swabs have been telling you about him; just let him stride along in front at his own pace and Bob's your uncle."

USUALLY it is also fruitless trying to get any really reliable information out of the trainer, after a remark has been made about the animal having a "long cheek" on him instead of the customary snaffle. All the enquirer will probably get is: "Oh, he always runs in it! A bit one-sided, but if you jam him in well to the right of them, he'll probably

jump 'em inside the left wing. He don't know how to fall, and he'll stay for a fortnight! There's only one thing, however, if he *does* fall, you get up first if you can, and run for your life. He bit one chap's face off."

How true is that graceful French phrase "*Mieux que la vérité est un beau mensonge!*" but some people never learn how to wrap it up with sufficient deftness.

THE worst brutality of which I have ever heard was the remark made to the remains of a man named Dugan (an Irishman) as they were being carried back to the morgue from the fourth fence out. They were these: "Didn't oi tell ye to moind yerself, Dugan? And did ye do ut? Ye did not!" There is also that heartening advice given by the trainer to a too devoted attaché of the owner, who was either in Cannes or Fair Kashmir pulverising two or three other chaps' hearts: "Now what you did (or had) ought to do is to get a fall

somewhere round the back; then Her Ladyship won't be disappointed."

This was actually said to an ape, who was so far gone as to volunteer to look after her pet monkey, name of "Hooloo," because he made a noise like that. "Hooloo" got loose and went waltzing into the demesne next door. There were some dogs. The lovelorn loon sent a cable that must have cost him at least a tenner, describing the funeral. He told a friend from America what he had done, expecting some sympathy. What he got was: "I cud have done that tripe in three little woids 'Monk Abe's Bos'" (Monkey Abraham's Bosom).

IT is strange into what capers lovers will run, and there is no stopping them, but those three words would certainly have saved quite a bit of money, horribly unsympathetic as they were.

There is another yarn, of which, no doubt, many have heard, of the mangled jockey, who had been clean out until they came round the second time, being told by the owner "What a pity you let go of him! You would have won on your head if you hadn't." These stories, heart-rending and gruesome as they may sound, could almost go on *ad libitum*.

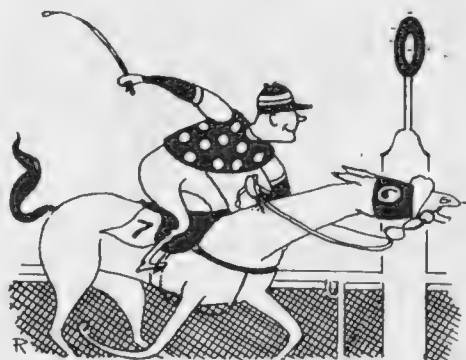
There was that other case of the wicked man who was going out in a flat race on a steaming hot favourite. He leant over to the trainer and said: "What wins it, if this doesn't?"

The trainer said, "There is only one with a cat's chance."

The wicked man then said, "Well, you go and get all you can for me, and a bit for yourself."

And, of course, the outsider won.

—SABRETACHE







*Right: W/Cdr. Tim Vigors, from Co. Kildare, with Mrs. Vigors. Both are prominent members of the Kildare and Co. Tipperary Hunts*



*Major and Mrs. Frank Kennedy and Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., had come up from Co. Limerick for this very good and eventful Irish meeting*



*Left: Mrs. Denis W. Daly and her daughter, Miss Avia Daly, who hunts with the Kildare hounds, were among the racegoers*



*Right: Lt.-Col. Rowly Byers, the owner, from Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, Mrs. Alastair Stewart and Mrs. W. H. Welman, whose Quare Times won the National this year*

## Book Reviews

KNELL FOR A  
TRAITOR

JOYCE CARY's new novel, *NOT HONOUR MORE* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), concludes the Nimmo trilogy—the two others being *Prisoner of Grace* and *Except the Lord*. This time, we are to have Chester Nimmo, revivalist Liberal politician, seen through eyes which are charged with hate—Capt. Jim Latter's. This is the man who was Nina Nimmo's first love, and who now, since her divorce, is her second husband. For some years, the Latters' marriage has been idyllic: a Devonshire cottage is its scene. But this dream of security, this balm of longings at last fulfilled, has ended. Lord Nimmo, the dastard, has reappeared.

Jim Latter tells the terrible story. And it is told with the extreme dryness and curtness of a statement. "Statement," in the police sense, in fact, it is. Capt. Latter is writing under arrest, expecting, indeed desiring, the end in store for him. It is a part of Mr. Cary's genius that he has caused so much fire, so much emotion and, above all, such blazing spiritual wrath to come through the apparently deadpan words. This is the language of the soul of a man—a man who could have forgiven (for love's sake) a wound to his own good name, but who feels that his country, England, has been betrayed.

"*NOT HONOUR MORE*" is, like its predecessors, a political novel. The time is that of the 1926 General Strike—Tarbiton, the teeming West-Country city on whose outskirts Palm Cottage stands, is presumably Plymouth. Around the docks, factories and the warehouses, infinite possibilities of danger are in the air, and both Communists and Fascists are exploiting them. Jim Latter, late Captain 21st Hussars and District Officer Nigerian Political Service, retired, is in the emergency a "Special," desperately trying to play an honest man's part, and to steer a course between two evil extremes. In his view, Lord Nimmo, moving in on Tarbiton in a blaze of publicity to campaign for settlement, is the arch-wrecker.

The straight-minded soldier's predicament is a hard one. For Nimmo, as all the world can see, has by no means finished with Nina, nor she with him—what are the two up to, at Palm Cottage? Finding the terrible old man with the woman who is now his (Latter's) adored wife, Latter lets off a gun at him. So begins the story.

How far political detestation is coloured by sexual jealousy, our hero (and he is a hero) must ask himself. Behind all his acts and decisions is a searching of his conscience. To Latter, democracy is a racket—and Nimmo's loud-mouthed democracy most of all so. He suspects conspiracy; and towards the end the depths of a vile conspiracy are laid bare. That, at last, is enough for Latter; he must avenge.

Mr. Cary is probably wider in scope and range than any other novelist writing now. He is exceptional in his power to bridge the gap between private feeling and public action. The strike scenes

"TREASURES OF THE GREAT NATIONAL GALLERIES," published by the Phaidon Press and compiled by Hans Tietze, reproduces paintings from all the great picture galleries of the Western World. Above, "Saint Agnes," by the Master of the St. Bartholomew Altarpiece, from Munich



From the Louvre, in Paris, are these two pictures. Left, "The Smoker," by Adriaen Brouwer, and right, "The Gipsy Girl," by Frans Hals, which are included in *Treasures of the Great National Galleries*. There are 300 illustrations, many in full colour, in this rare and fascinating book



## by Elizabeth Bowen

in *Not Honour More* are, for instance, concrete and memorable; at the same time, he is able to penetrate into the most shadowy interstices of character. Within his people, the battle of good and evil is never a straight fight. He is a wonderfully bold dealer in inconsistencies.

The woman Nina, one might say, is dementingly inconsistent—yet one believes in her. She is extraordinary; Nimmo (as the two previous novels had room to show) is almost shockingly extraordinary, and Latter himself in the end is driven to an extraordinary, as well as a dire act. Yet none of Mr. Cary's novels are ever bizarre: they convey to the reader what he must feel himself: an awe of humanity—of the heights to which it can sometimes rise, of the lengths to which it must sometimes go.

★ ★ ★

EDWARD GRIERSON'S *FAR MORNING* (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.) deals, very vividly, with a situation few who lived through the war years can have forgotten. Some of us watched from the outside, some of us felt the strain put on marriages by long separation—how cruelly endless the years apart seemed, how inhuman the distances set up by global war! David Mitchelson, hero of this novel, finds himself, after Alamein, in the Middle East, and in another way still fighting—this time, a battle for fidelity. His wife Joan, meanwhile, goes through her ordeal alone in London. The fact that their marriage has not been perfect does not make them less anxious to keep it going. They do not doubt that, once again together, they *could* win through. Their letters are desperate efforts to keep in touch.

David is (has been) a lawyer: as such he is now attached to the Army Welfare Department in Baghdad. As Legal Adviser, he has to deal with the endless problems of broken marriages: each of the men who comes to him, shattered or angry, brings a story which well might become his own. Sordid, yet how pitiful, these cases continue to weigh on him out of hours. Baghdad (wonderfully pictured by Mr. Grierson) offers much in the way of gaiety, but no peace of mind. The easier-going Bill Duveen, whose fundamental devotion to his wife Harriet does not prevent him from taking what comes along, considers David is riding himself too hard.

THE scene changes: there is a leave in Lebanon. Here David meets Nadia, the young student, sister of Hussein, one of his Baghdad friends—from the first, he has had a feeling of fatefulness about his coming encounter with this girl. *Are* they made for each other?—everyone seems to think so. And as the enchanted, enchanting days go on, everyone's premonition is proved right. But Nadia is no light-of-love; she has an idealism which matches David's. . . . And what, meanwhile, of Joan? The point is coming for her when letters, nothing but letters, become a mockery. It is at this crisis in her feeling that she travels to the



Eric Coop

MRS. VYYAN HOLLAND and Merlin are the wife and son of the author whose recent book, *Son of Oscar Wilde*, has created much interest. Mrs. Holland was born in Melbourne, Australia, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Besant. Since living in England, she has become director of a British cosmetic house, and last year was a member of the *entourage* on the Royal Tour of Australia, New Zealand and other countries

northward to visit Harriet; and chance (perhaps more than chance) takes a hand.

Like all stories which engage themselves with reality, *Far Morning* demands and holds one's attention. Mr. Grierson's absence of cynicism is not only honourable, it is refreshing. And he is rewarded for it by the success, as a story, of his story. "No morals, no drama," once pronounced the late Sir Desmond McCarthy, and it's true—novels in which the people behave all anyhow *don't* fundamentally interest one, however "smart" the writing. Considerable, unforced drama is in *Far Morning*. Added to which we are given the very colour and feel of the Middle East.

★ ★ ★

VIOLENT SATURDAY (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.) is the first novel of its American author, W. L. Heath. As to writing, Mr. Heath has little to learn: here's a work of really terrible power. Scene, Morgan, a small Alabama town, during a week-end in which torrid July weather gives place to a darkling tropical downpour.

Three strangers (in themselves an event in Morgan) move into town to rob a bank, and they do. Their crime cuts a cross-section through many lives—we are shown representative Morgan citizens, and I may say that before some of the goings-on, mere bank-robbery might appear to pale. *Violent Saturday*, as I have indicated, is not a book for non-violent readers. It scared even me. I admired it, nonetheless.

★ ★ ★

A CORPSE OF THE OLD SCHOOL, by Jack Iams (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is a ruthless and sharp-edged mystery story. Scene, an American imitation of an English public school, old oak table and all. Two of the junior boys, one of them nasty, disappear; so does a housemaster who has an arty wife. The blonde elder sister of the nicer little boy takes a hand in the search, assisted by the lady editor of a social column. Less helpful proves the "private eye" with the shaky nerve and the irremovable hat. Mrs. Tallery, a suffering mother, is quite the last straw. Solution, ingenious. I recommend this.

## Trio for the mid-season with style built-in

THIS week, from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, a skirt made of Terylene and wool. Permanently pleated, uncrushable and immaculate, this white skirt, also in dark grey or navy blue, is the busy woman's country stand-by, at £9. 12. 6. Harvey Nichols also supply the blouse and cardigan.



### A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

This excellent tan-coloured cardigan from Switzerland is made of that very thick rib stitch that seems only to be found in Continental knitwear. In other colours too, it costs 9½ gns.



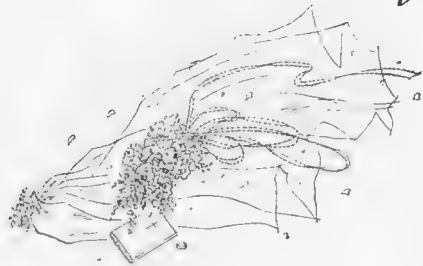




A businesslike blouse in brown and white striped cotton, beautifully tailored like a man's shirt, and good to wear with either a skirt or slacks. It costs 82/6



*Invitation to a*  
*White Wedding*



MISS MARY URE, who is playing in *Time Remembered*, the Anouilh play now at the New Theatre, poses for The TATLER as an April bride in (above) Debenham & Freebody's lovely dress of fine lace and tulle with a crinoline godet skirt. The bodice and long sleeves are of lace, the cap headdress of satin trimmed with pearl beads curves forward at each side



This copy of a Givenchy model is made of white nylon with short puff sleeves and a cleverly draped bodice. It is worn with very long gloves and a short veil, topped with a tiny Victorian wreath of white roses. From Dickins & Jones

“BLEST IS THE BRIDE





John Cole

A lace wedding gown with a dropped waist, and a shoulder to shoulder boat-shaped neck-line. The enormously wide skirt is trimmed with white satin ribbon, the little bridal wreath is of lace and flowers. Mercia, Cavendish Place

ON WHOM THE SUN DOTTH SHINE"



**Luncheon party.** Madame Vernier's wildly becoming, large, navy blue antelope felt hat with a turn-back brim, is trimmed beneath with a flat, pale blue, ribbon bow



## *Veils, ribbons and roses*

*Hats in harmony with  
a season of blossom*

**Garden party.** Kate Day's twist of blue velvet, pink roses and dark shiny satin leaves is up on one side and down on the other. Sapphire mink stole comes from Debenham and Freebody

**FIVE** new hats, each as pretty as a picture, to grace some of those many social occasions that lie in the busy months ahead. When wearing any of these hats a woman will feel that her appearance has just that extra elegance and chic which counts so much  
—MARIEL DEANS





Cocktail party (left).  
*Inspired by Alboury.  
Renée Pavy's wonderful  
Grecian headdress of black  
jersey and white organza  
with a dark red carnation  
in the end of the crown*



Gala occasion (right).  
*Vernier's fairylike head-  
dress of silver filigree  
leaves and rhinestones*

Shopping (below) Simone  
Mirman's simple little boat-  
shaped hat in natural  
coloured straw. It is one of  
the few hats this season that  
is trimmed with a veil



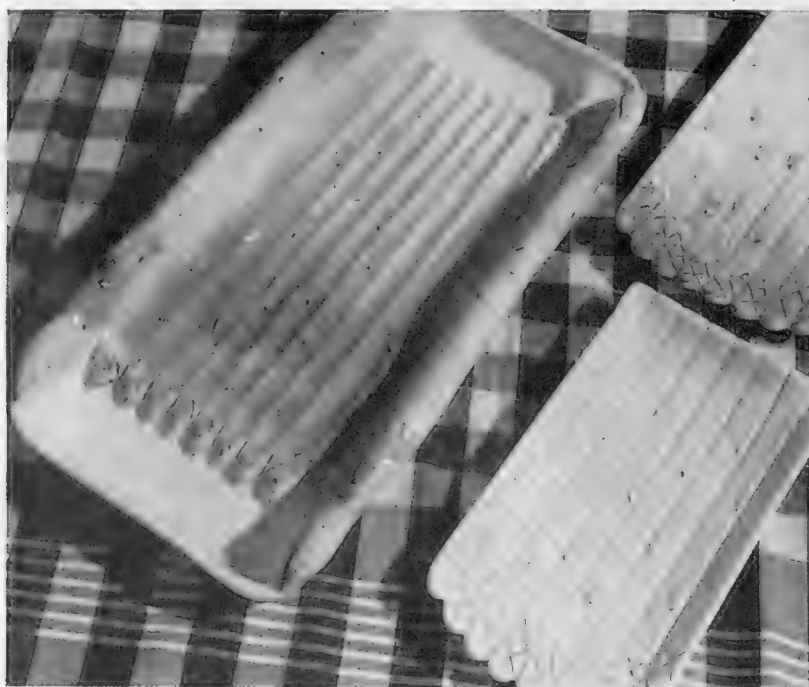


Highly original *hors d'œuvres* dish with a duck motif that comes from Italy. Price 27s.6d. Obtainable at Liberty's

## Vivacious china

COCKTAIL parties, snack meals for television parties, and informal supper parties are all a popular form of present-day entertainment. Shops are catering for this with gay china specially designed to give colour and originality to the odd meal, which can be easily prepared and served by the hostess herself

—JEAN CLELAND



A new way of serving asparagus is provided by means of these novel Portuguese dishes. The large dish, with spoon, costs £1 15s.; the small dishes, 8s. 6d. From Woollands

For serving lobster or *scampi*. Dish, six 8-in. plates and sauceboat, £5 19s. 6d. The crescent bone plate, 7s. 11d., and small plate, 4s. 9d., can be bought separately. Marshall & Snelgrove have these







Dennis Smith  
Special novelties for the  
supper party. Italian fish  
dish, £1 19s. 6d. Italian  
cockerel dish, 7s. 6d. These  
also are from Woollands

or the casual meal



Tiled trays with hunting  
scenes, beautiful in design  
and colour, for serving  
drinks or cocktail delica-  
cies. Price, £2 14s. They  
are stocked by Liberty's



"PAINTINGS IN THE KITCHEN" was the name  
given by Winifred Lawson Dick to her recent  
exhibition of pictures (referred to last  
week). The above is typical of her gay style



This picture won praise for its superb textures



A bird, bottles and fruit in exquisite colouring

PAUL-ANDRE has created this attractive hair style for the evening. The hair has been combed back and a plait of matching hair added to form a coronet and small bun. A rope of pearls is threaded through the plait and round the bun



Peter Clark

## Beauty

# Colours of the Rainbow

**F**ESTIVITY is the theme song for hair fashions when it comes to evening wear. Jewels, flowers and feathers are all being ingeniously used by the leading stylists to complement the romance of evening dress.

Elegant wigs are being brought back into fashion by Raymond, who says: "For a long time now, styles have been mainly based on a practical easy-to-manage theme, and I feel the time has come for a more dressy and sophisticated approach for the evening." For his New-look designs, Raymond is using—instead of real hair—a material of the twentieth century, nylon. Its silk-like sheen takes dye admirably, and thus the wig extravaganzas can be tinted in every shade imaginable.

Favourite spring colours sponsored by this famous stylist are "Love Lilac" and "Shoot Green." Because these nylon wigs are gay and

extremely light in weight, Raymond believes that many women will enjoy the fun of wearing a transformation with a difference.

**A**NDRÉ, of Paul-André, very much favours jewelled bandeaux and decorations on the head for the evening. He is also making a feature of the "bun" with either plaited hair or curls. This, which will be available shortly, is delightfully light and easy to fix. Added glamour is achieved by the intertwining of pearls, which is a novel and flattering way of highlighting the coroneted plait.

Pearls are used again by Steiner, while Alexis, of Antoine, achieves some charming versions of the evening look, with flowers and cleverly arranged feathers. Novelty is provided by French, of London, with some fascinating jewelled clips.

—Jean Cleland



RAYMOND designs an attractive hair style for the evening. Nylon goes to the head, plaited and woven into this delicious little fringed bonnet, with a small bow on the nape



STEINER'S new S-line coiffure with a cushion pop-on chignon encircled with two rows of pearls, can be worn either flat to the head or combed into large swirls



FRENCH'S "Psyche" style, with the hair swept smoothly back from the brow to fall into a deep wave above the ear. For decorations, little jewelled clips from his Boutique



ALEXIS, OF ANTOINE, designs "coiffure panaché." Two graceful plumes are set winged fashion on the crown. From a small frontal piece rise a pair of golden antennae





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*trust* **French**  
OF LONDON

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4 Curzon Place, Park Lane, W.1. Grosvenor 3770/8/9

French of London hair preparations are available at all good stores, chemists and hairdressers

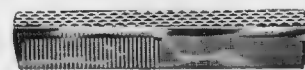
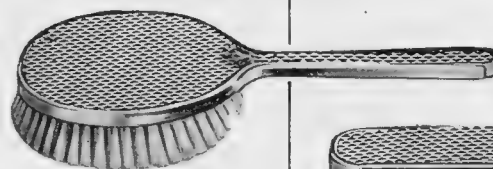
*“..... in the eye  
of the beholder”*



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*Sterling Silver*

Beauty of line and classic simplicity of design are features of this exquisite dressing table service—one of a fine choice at the Showrooms now. The range includes services in lovely pastel shades of enamel on sterling silver. We welcome visitors whether they come to buy or just to see.



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# THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

*Miss Avril Wother-  
spoon, daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. Robert  
Wotherspoon, of  
Westwood, Inverness, is  
engaged to Mr. Robert  
Gordon, C.A., son of  
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. M.  
Gordon, of Willanslee,  
Barnhill. Perth*



D. Whyte



Bassano

*Miss Diana Rachel Kimpton,  
daughter of Mr. and the Hon.  
Mrs. A. C. W. Kimpton, of Rydes  
Court, Guildford, Surrey, is  
engaged to the Rev. J. T. C. B.  
Collins, only son of the Rev. H. R.  
and Mrs. Collins, late of  
Babraham Vicarage, Cambridge*



Michael Dunn

*Miss Elizabeth Gildroy Shaw, younger daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. E. P. Shaw, of Englefield Green, Surrey, is to marry Mr. O. S.  
Willis Fleming, youngest son of Mr. E. C. A. Willis Fleming, of  
Bracknell, Berks, and Mrs. Willis Fleming, of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex*



*Miss Diana Mary Houlds-  
worth, younger daughter of Brig.  
and Mrs. H. W. Houldsworth, of  
Forres, Morayshire, is engaged  
to the Hon. George David  
Leslie Melville, second son of  
the late Earl of Leven and  
Melville, and the Dowager  
Countess of Leven and Melville*



Lenarc

*Miss Marianne I. Salter,  
niece of Mrs. E. Bernhard, of  
Malvern Court, S.W.7, is to  
marry Mr. Eric Kuehne, only  
son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Kuehne,  
of Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7*





Loose and light is this summer coat of fine suiting in a lovely pink shade. The reverse side of the material is a slightly paler tone which appears on the tie and also as a facing to the sleeves when adapted to three-quarter length. £27.6.0



## Miss Terry *haute couture*

Perfect for "Tidy Country" or Town, this two-piece, to replace the monotony of the eternal Grey Flannel Suit, is impeccably man-tailored of classic fine Dog's-tooth check Worsted. The jacket is lined and the skirt pleats edge-stitched to ensure *genuine* permanence. We also show it with pencil slim skirt with one wide flat panel pleat at the back. In Black and White with Black velvet or grosgrain edgings, Brown and White or Navy and White. Also in Tailor's Jersey in several rich colourings. Sizes 34 to 42.

price 19½ gns.

Miss Terry has a unique collection of Individual Evening Gowns now assembled from 12 gns. to 29 gns.

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London, S.W.1  
Kensington 1909



**Storrer—McEwan.** Mr. Peter Lindsay Storrer, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Storrer, of Geelong, Australia, married Miss Jane Marianne McEwan, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McEwan, at Maryland, Southern Rhodesia

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Sullivan—Leechman.** Major C. P. F. Sullivan, Royal Artillery, and his bride, Miss Benita Leechman, daughter of the late Mr. G. Barclay Leechman and of Mrs. Jane Pollard, of Hampton Court Palace. The wedding took place at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court



**Carrie—Panton.** Captain David Carrie, Royal Marines, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. M. Carrie, of Burnham, Bucks, married Miss Ann Patricia Panton, daughter of Mr. A. R. Panton, of Knotting, Beds, and Mrs. E. Panton, of St. Albans, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

**Gransden—Sayer.** Dr. Godfrey McCance Gransden, son of Sir Robert and Lady Gransden, of Belfast, married Miss June Benita Sayer, daughter of the late Mr. S. H. Sayer, of Kenya, and of Mrs. D. Smit, of Wimbledon, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Dobb—Vergette.** The wedding took place of Mr. Peter Illingworth Dobb, son of Captain and Mrs. W. H. Dobb, of Smarden, Kent, and Miss Pamela Joy Vergette, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Vergette, of Bexley, Kent, at St. Mary's, Bexley







## SUBLIME EASE OF HANDLING

# ...only one of the gifts of the DAIMLER CONQUEST

The Fluid Transmission Conquest is a car you can park with virtually one foot! You simply set the hand-throttle to a fast tick-over—select your gear—then all you have to do is control the movement of the car with the foot brake only. This, combined with a remarkably small turning circle of 33 feet, and a light steering action, makes handling really simple.

*Speed with comfort—and good looks too.* Ease of handling is not the only virtue of the Conquest. This fine car has pace—up to 60 in 20.4 seconds and on to an effortless top speed of 80 plus. *Laminated torsion bar suspension* gives absolutely

faultless road-holding. *Automatic chassis lubrication* provides continuous efficiency without thought or worry.

*More rear-seat leg space.* The Conquest is a fine-looking car with typical Daimler dignity. It is also roomy and comfortable, the new model having 4 inches more leg space in the rear seat. Price £1511. 5. 10 inclusive.

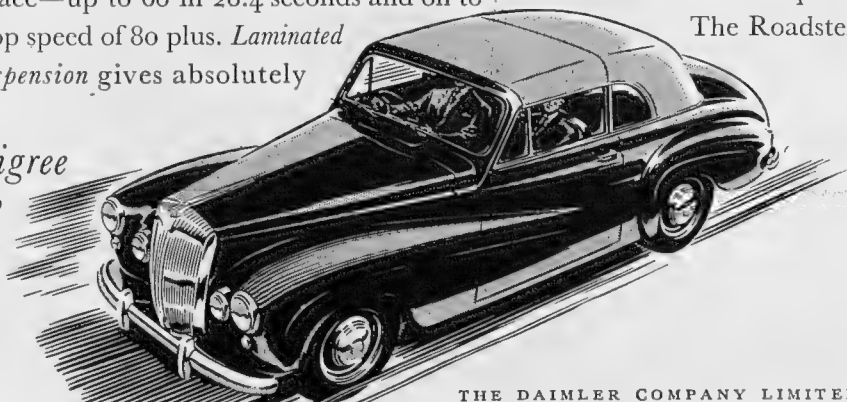
### OTHER CONQUEST MODELS

The 'Conquest Century' . . . . . £1661. 9. 2. incl.

The Coupé . . . . . £1736. 10. 10. incl.

The Roadster . . . £1672. 15. 10. incl.

*'Out of pedigree  
comes pace'*



*The 100 bhp Conquest Coupé.  
Power-operated drophead adjustable  
to three positions—closed, 'de  
ville' and fully open.*



MR. ERIC BRANDON with the self-designed racing car which came sixth in the recent B.R.D.C. British Empire Trophy race at Oulton Park, Cheshire. This 1100 c.c. car was the smallest taking part in the event: its overall height is less than two feet

## Motoring

# An exciting whisper

A MEASURE of the challenge which British motor cars will be called upon to meet this year will soon be obtainable. At the Turin Show which opens this week will be indications of Italian thought in both small size and large size machines, at both low and high prices. The new Fiat is by no means the whole story. Germany will also be giving an indication of the cars she will be concentrating upon during the season.

On the sporting side our first firm information is likely to come from the Mille Miglia on April 30. In this event Mercedes plan to put forth a considerable effort with a team headed by Fangio. The car will be the three-litre SLR and the importance of studying its performance in Italy lies in the fact that it will be making a strong challenge to our cars later at Le Mans.

ON every hand we can notice a boiling up of competition in design. Production problems are almost in abeyance while rigorous efforts are made to determine the specifications which will attract and hold attraction. Our own makers are much less dilatory in this work than some people suppose, and we shall hear the first important piece of interesting news about what they are doing shortly after these words appear in print. At the time of writing secrecy is absolute. As the company concerned is one of the finest, and as its members are among my friends, I am not even hinting at the contents of the news. The word must be: Wait for it!

WHEN talking of touring the other day and expressing my absolute, unshakeable preference for France as a touring ground, I omitted mention of the Bibendum bible; I mean that perfect guide book, the 1955 Michelin. It goes with a fairly comprehensive map service. I need scarcely repeat my comments upon this volume. It is a genuine guide which seeks to satisfy its readers first, second and all the time and which is ready to risk the disfavour of hoteliers, restaurateurs and commercial

organizations rather than "let down" its readers with praise that is misplaced.

How valuable it would be if some body in this country had equal authority and equal fearlessness. For example, I stayed a few days ago at a hotel about ninety miles from London. I was attending a dinner from which I knew I would return late. In order to gain admission to the hotel after about eleven I was warned that I must take a front door key. That is understandable with the Catering Wages Act making it difficult to have servants on duty at night. But I was asked to pay a deposit of 5s. on the key, and this was with a bill which for one night, without breakfast or any other meal, came to over 29s.

The unfortunate part about the present



AN IMPRESSION by "Mac," of Lt.-Col. A. M. Wilkinson, D.S.O., President of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, and Mrs. Wilkinson, receiving their guests at the annual dinner-dance at the Dorchester

situation in Great Britain is that while all inns, hotels and restaurants are protected against adverse criticism, those that offer good food and good service can gain nothing from so doing. "For how might ever goodness have be knowe, to him that never tasted bitteresse; eek white by black . . ." and so on. If we ever wish to have good food and good service when touring in this country we must reduce the amount of legal protection against criticism now given to those who provide these things.

IN the United States the Ford Company is said to be accelerating its work upon gas turbines for motor cars. The basic design and the development resemble those of British manufacturers, and consist of a compressor driven by a turbine and a separate turbine driven by the exhaust from the first one. The second turbine is the car-driving component and its torque is carried to the axles through gearing. There is also a heat exchanger. The heat exchanger is an essential part of any turbine that is to be used for road purposes and it has been one of the stumbling blocks to development. The object is to obtain regeneration with the least possible pressure loss in the engine and also with a component of convenient size. It is a much more difficult problem than appears at first sight, but the Ford people seem to think that they are well on the way to a successful solution.

The question that everybody likes to ask is: When will a turbine-engined car be placed upon the market? If one takes a wild guess at the prospects one would say that British makers are unlikely to market a turbine car now although Continental makers might do so. Every show held on the Continent therefore will be a show with possibilities.

MEANWHILE the diesel seems to make less headway than I expected it would. Some of the new engines are quieter when idling, but they must all be much noisier than their petrol engine equivalents. The noise arises from the shock waves of combustion and is not mechanical clatter. Those who have diesel cars in service in this country have mostly been satisfied with them and have found them to be on the whole more trustworthy than petrol cars. However, if fashion goes against the diesel, nothing will cause it to spread beyond the comparatively small band of enthusiasts.

—Oliver Stewart

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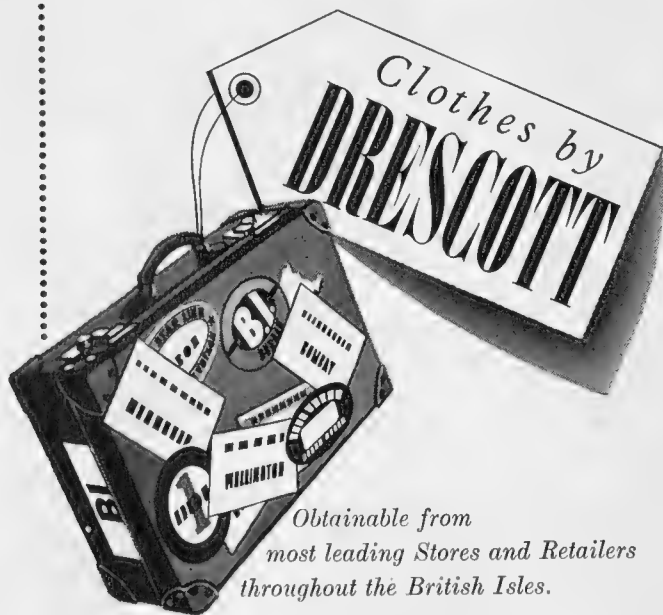
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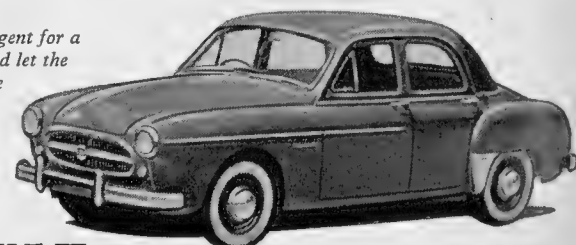
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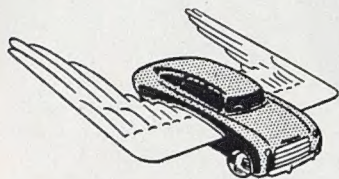
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